

MODERN

# MAN

THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

JUNE 1967

75c

**ECSTASY and SIN!**

**The Shocking**

**True Story of**

**HEDY LAMARR**

**TEEN-AGE RUMBLES**

**Youth on the Make**

**Brigitte Cannes ▶**

**in the NUDE  
and in COLOR!**

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**The SNAFU AIR WAR in VIETNAM**

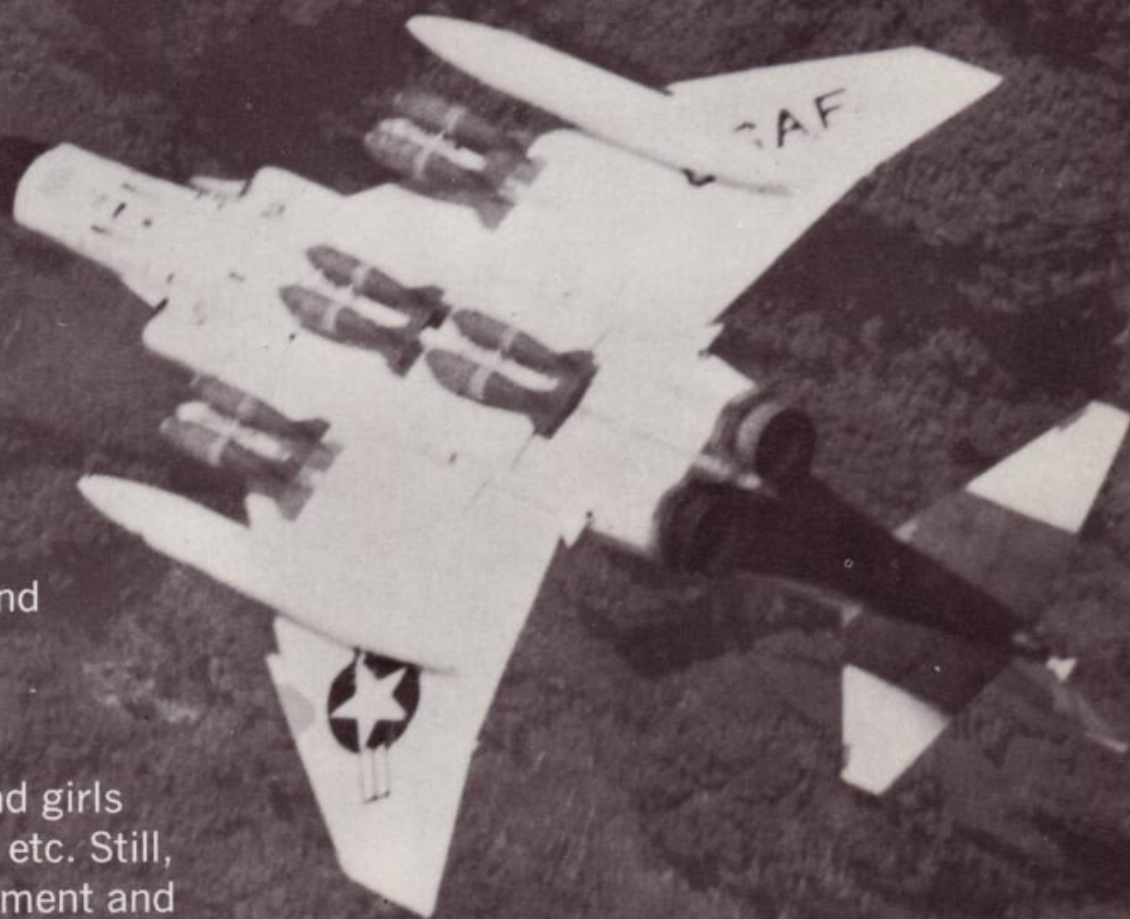


# MODERN MAN<sup>®</sup>

THE ADULT PICTURE MAGAZINE

## ON THE INSIDE....

**A**LL KIDDING ASIDE for once, we have to admit that MODERN MAN doesn't really have everything. In fact, you could even go so far as to say that our repertoire is rather limited compared to other popular magazines. So if you're looking for food and drink recipes, financial advice, or a 400-installment philosophy, put us back on the magazine rack. All we care about is action and girls and adventure and girls and sports and girls and humor and girls, etc. Still, you'd be amazed by the amount of excitement and variety we can uncover within those categories. For example, in this issue you'll find a revelation-filled article on screen goddess Hedy Lamarr; a remarkable story on the mixed-up air war in Vietnam; a report on how America's flaming youth heats up resort towns; a probe into the fears of auto racers; and girls like Brigitte Cannes, Erica Brodsky, and Julie Nash. With a line-up like that, what more could any man ask?



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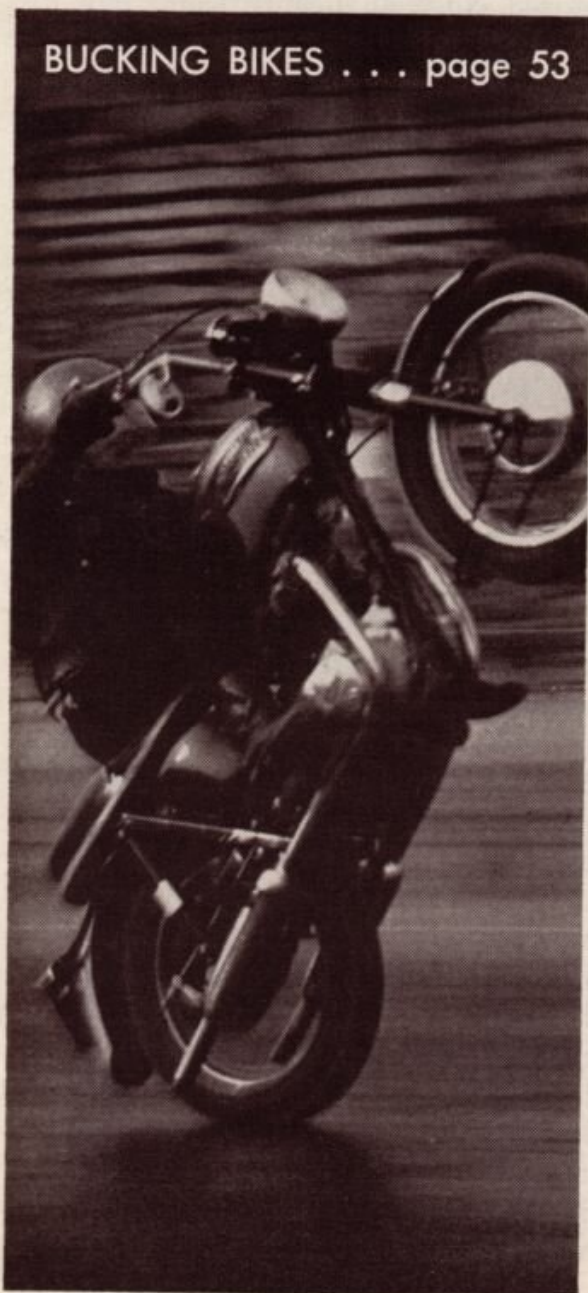
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# The True Story of HEDY Lamarr

THANKS to the efforts of Hollywood's notorious pitchmen, the word ecstasy and actress Hedy Lamarr fit together as snugly as a top-notch figure model and an unpadded bra. As almost any girl-minded guy knows, Hedy's most revealing role was that of a ravishing nymphet in the celluloid sizzler called *Ecstasy*, and her real life, in fact, surpassed the reel one. Sure, at first glance, what more could a dark-haired Austrian beauty want than international fame, untold wealth, and half a dozen husbands, to say nothing of God knows how many lovers and admirers? Happiness, perhaps? You're right. Truth of the matter is that Hedy had a hang-up with unhappiness ever since the first time she was conquered by a man at the tender age of fourteen. In fact, her personal life has been nothing but a shambles despite her beauty and the good things she hoped it would bring her. Agony might be a better word to describe the true Hedy Lamarr. All her beds weren't made of roses—the roses withered and died so many times she has lost track of them. And, so far as ecstasy goes—well, leave that for the press agents. It's doubtful that Hedy has known very much ecstasy—at least the kind the word is supposed to represent.

If the movies made Hedy Lamarr a sex symbol of the 30's and 40's, the bed was her undoing. In her blockbuster book, *Ecstasy and Me*, Hedy admits it. But she didn't have to make that confession to the world. The world knew it all along. The record of her ups and downs speaks too plainly for itself. The facts were there from the very beginning. All Hedy has done is



*Symbolizing "ecstasy" in first major film, Hollywood sex goddess Hedy Lamarr spends most fruitful years of life, \$30 million, in futile efforts to discover the word's real meaning.*

*By Bob Nystedt*

to add the tawdry embellishments.

A couple of years ago, moviedom was shocked by the publication of the reputed "true story" of the life and loves of the cinema sex-bomb, Jean Harlow. Author Irving Shulman came in for attack by members of the movie colony, as well as friends and the few remaining relatives of the blonde bombshell. Lawsuits were instigated. Harlow was depicted as a heroine, not a harlot.

Even at its raunchiest, however, Shulman's *Harlow* was as mild as a Mother Goose nursery rhyme alongside Lamarr's purported autobiography. Hedy emerges from the pages as somewhat less than a heroine. Exactly what her classification might be depends upon the individual and collective reader.

Why did Hedy bare herself—her inner self—to the public? Some Hollywoodites charge she set out to ridicule her former husbands, all of whom are alive but now wish perhaps they weren't. Others claim Hedy wanted to give her sagging screen career (she's 52) a shot in the arm and counted on the book's outlandish revelations to do the job for her. But what seems closest to the nitty-gritty meat of the matter is that Hedy figured she could bag a few bucks by being frank in print—after all, she claims she had sailed through approximately \$30,000,000 since her uncovered capers in *Ecstasy*, and was running short on monetary assets as well as the physical ones which had helped her become the toast of two continents but now were succumbing to the ravages of age. The shock value of her "true story" would be worth thousands of dollars. And



*Starring in one of world's pioneer art movies during early Thirties, Hedy is cast as innocent nymphet whose cavorting au naturel in Austrian pond (above,) woods (below), merely served as prelude to seduction sequences which made Ecstasy a motion picture which still stirs frequent controversy.*



PHOTOS FROM ROY GEORGE, AP, UPI





*Following reign as moviedom's most beautiful leading lady, with roles in film epics like Samson and Delilah (above), Hedy Lamarr shocks nation with Los Angeles shoplifting arrest in 1966. Freed on bail from detention facility (opposite), actress is consoled by 19-year-old son, Tony Loder (below), who testified in her behalf.*





Hedy had it figured right.

The man who convinced Hedy to turn her memoirs into money was Sam Post, a Los Angeles book publishing house editor and a Lamarr movie fan since his teens. Post paid the aging actress a visit to her two-room pad in West Los Angeles, he said, but it took considerable effort to convince her the world was waiting for her "true" story. Within a matter of months, Hedy's autobiographical notes (she had been jotting down high—and low—points of her life for 10 years) were whipped into the salacious manuscript which was to become *Ecstasy and Me*. She sold the British serialization rights for a reported \$35,000 and the paperback rights for an additional \$200,000. Upon publication of *Ecstasy and Me*, the public reaction was so profound that Hedy was offered movie, television, and similar assignments which could bring her back at least to the brink of stardom. Of course, unfortunately, as the money began to roll in again, Hedy tried belatedly to stop publication because it might knock the stuffing out of a multi-million dollar lawsuit she had pending as the result of her acquittal last summer of charges she had shoplifted items in an L.A. department store. She lost in her try to halt the presses.

Setbacks weren't new to Hedy, however, as her life story bears out. She was born Hedwig Eva Maria Kiesler in Vienna, the daughter of a bank official. Her mother was a promising concert pianist who forsook a career of her own to raise the pretty child. Hedy was only two years into her teens when her youthful charms so intrigued a neighborhood laundry man that he promptly raped her. Needless to say, Hedy's initial sexual experience was not conducive to a healthy relationship with members of the opposite sex. Her childhood was crammed with a series of subsequent sexual feats and fantasies which ranged from the normal boy-girl relationship to those of lesbianism and near-lesbianism. Hedy's recollections along these lines are unfolded with unusual candor in her book despite the fact that some of her more brutal experiences could emerge from her subconscious only through intensive, long-range psychoanalysis which the actress has undergone.

According to Hedy, the first man to ever give her a "clean, happy feeling about men" was Wolfgang Alba Retty, the father of actress Romy Schneider. She met Retty when she crashed Max Reinhart's (Continued on Page 58)

## ALL GUNS MUST BE CHECKED IN GUN SAFE NO GUNS PERMITTED IN FACILITY.

PETER J. PITCHESS  
SHERIFF





An aerial photograph of a naval aircraft carrier's deck. In the foreground, the tail section of a helicopter is visible, featuring a white star insignia and the word "RESCUE" on its side. Several crew members are standing near the helicopter. The deck is marked with white lines. In the background, another ship is visible on the horizon, and a large aircraft is flying in the sky above the carrier.

# THE SNAFU AIR WAR



COMPARED TO the titanic aerial battles of World War II and the fierce dogfights over Korea, the air war in Vietnam should be a picnic. American planes are able to roam freely in the skies of Southeast Asia, encountering only feeble interference from enemy fighters which are both outnumbered and outclassed. Yet, despite the lack of meaningful opposition, the air war in Vietnam has been described by President Johnson as the most difficult in U.S. history. And the pilots who fly the deadly missions are quick to agree with him. From their viewpoint, it is SNAFU all the way.

It is an extremely costly air war, with close to 500 planes shot down in North Vietnam in little more than two years. And several times that number have been lost under various circumstances, both north and south of the 17th parallel, since the U.S. first engaged itself in the war. Moreover, the tonnage of

# IN VIETNAM

explosives dropped each month on North Vietnam alone has risen higher than the monthly tonnage heaped on Germany in World War II—with considerably less damage to the enemy's strength. At this rate, it's been estimated that the cost of killing the enemy from the air runs as high as \$100,000 per man!

Essentially, the difficulties lie in the peculiar nature of "limited war." Following a policy aimed not at conquering the enemy, but merely dissuading him from aggression, U.S. pilots must obey a book of rules which seems to have been written in Hanoi. These restrictions—the tightest ever placed on American pilots—upset the advantage of having complete control of the skies.

For one thing, many prime targets have been declared off-limits. The industrial and economic guts of North Vietnam—centered mostly in Hanoi and Haiphong—are free to function efficiently and comfortably. Supply routes through China and Cambodia by which the enemy receives a major share of his equipment, and infiltrates his men into South Vietnam, have likewise been placed out-of-bounds. Even military air bases like Phuc Yen, where the Reds operate a sizable jet force, are left unscathed.

On the other hand, the targets which *are* fair game are more difficult to attack; they are of lesser importance to the enemy's fighting potential; and often they can be repaired more easily than they can be

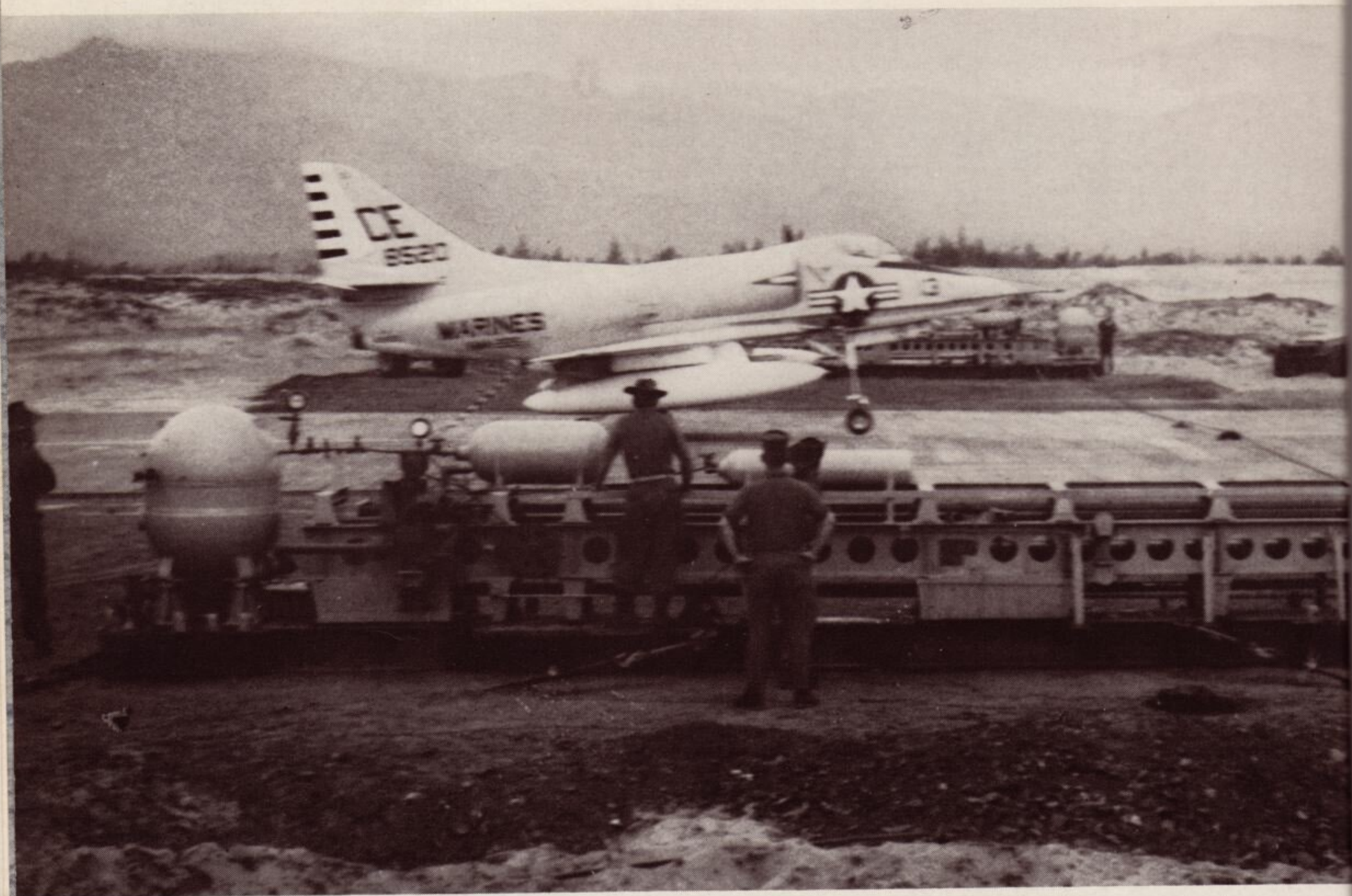


*Returning to carrier in waters off South Vietnam after dropping 15,000 pound payload (facing page), A6 Intruder prepares to land. Flying unseen above clouds (above), B-52 superfortresses unload 750 pound bombs on Viet Cong. Giving off tell-tale cloud of smoke (below), Hanoi oil tank reveals accuracy of U.S. raid.*



***Under heavy fire from political critics the world over, U. S. air war in Vietnam faces problems of flak, jungles, and limitations on bombing that are far more deadly to it.***





*Landing on first aluminum airfield built under combat conditions (above), Marine A4 Skyhawk uses arresting hook to stop on short strip. View from cockpit of RF-4C Phantom reveals intense ground fire of small to medium caliber machine guns (below). Swooping low over target in thick jungle area (right), air force jet drops load of napalm bombs.*

***Instant airstrips, deadly flak, miles and miles of impenetrable jungles sum up view of air war for American pilot in Vietnam.***

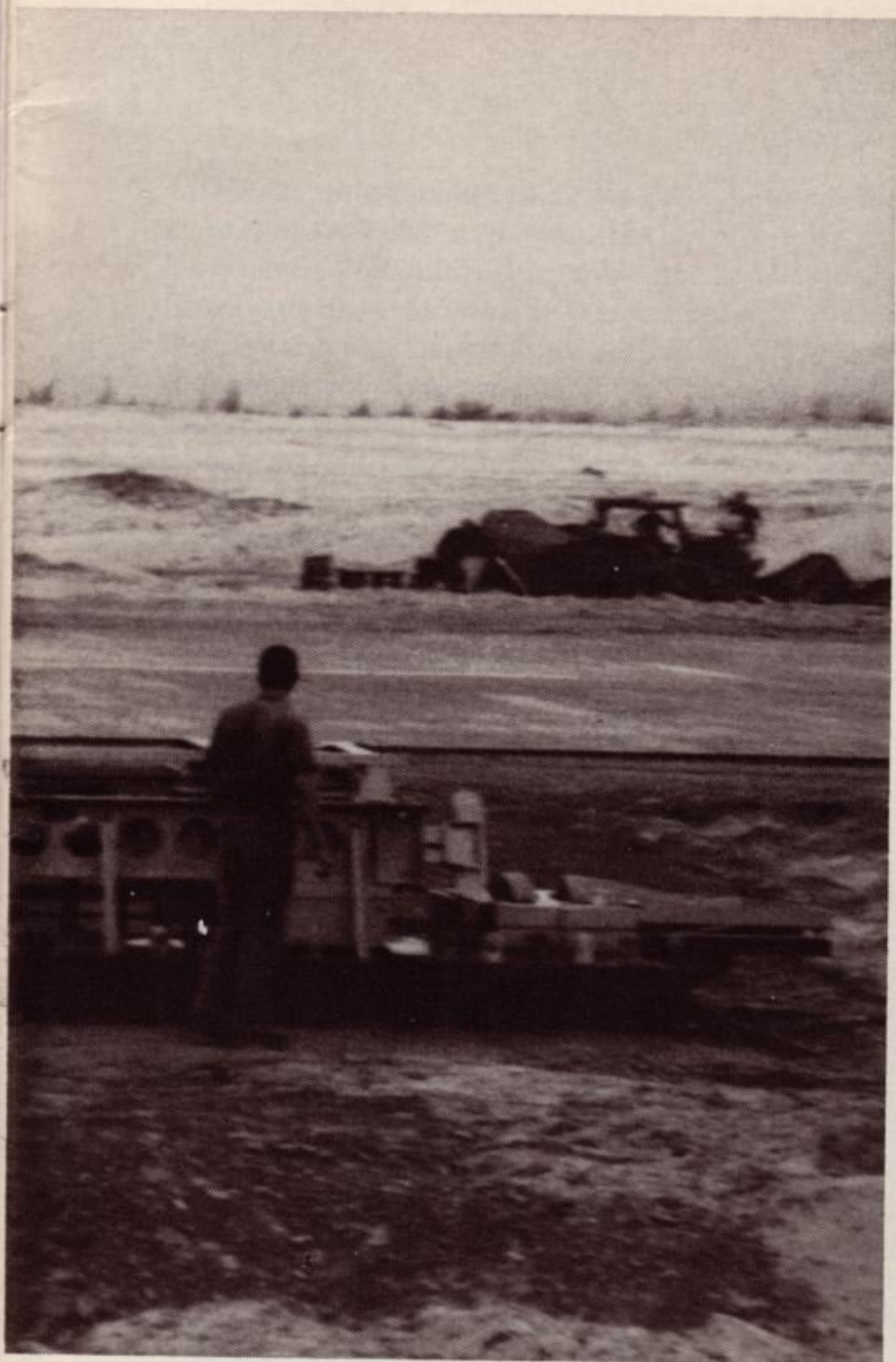
destroyed. For example, an air strike against Germany in World War II could paralyze vital industries for months. In North Vietnam, where the target might be a section of railroad track, a labor force of peasants is able to make complete repairs overnight. Then the pilots have to launch another strike . . . and another.

By restricting bombing to "military targets," the policy of limited warfare also determines the type of aircraft flown. As a result, America's most powerful bomber—the Boeing B-52 Stratofortress—is not used over North Vietnam, for fear that its 30 tons of explosives would spread too many casualties among civilians. Instead, flights of B-52s travel 2200 nautical miles from the Strategic Air Command base on Guam and drop their strings of bombs on suspected Viet Cong hideouts in the South and in the Demilitarized Zone, where they blow up acres of jungle foliage, and hopefully, kill several dozen V.C.

Meanwhile, in order to achieve *(Continued on Page 63)*







*Inspecting captured 12.7mm anti-aircraft weapon (top), commander of U.S. forces Gen. William C. Westmoreland checks gun-sight. Up to their chests in muck (above), South Vietnamese troops bog down in attack. Diving on Viet Cong base near Saigon (below), F-100 Supersabre lays high-explosive eggs on jungle.*





EVER SINCE the invention of money, girls have been devising diabolical schemes for luring well-heeled men into matrimony. To show how it can be done, Hollywood made a movie several years ago entitled *How to Marry a Millionaire*, and the producers selected the reigning sexpot of the day, Marilyn Monroe, to conduct the demonstration.

## *how to marry a billionaire*

But all of the plots pale next to the good fortune of a 25-year-old Dutch actress named Talitha Pol, who raised feminine eyebrows all over the world when she recently hooked the biggest fish in the entire pond. Her new hubby, 32-year-old Paul Getty, Jr., is none other than the son and heir of multi-billionaire J. Paul Getty, 74, who is quite likely the richest man on earth.

To make such a stupendous catch, unmatched even by Marilyn Monroe, it would seem that a chick would have to be something out of this world. Getty, after all, can take his pick.

Yet, Talitha is pretty; but she's



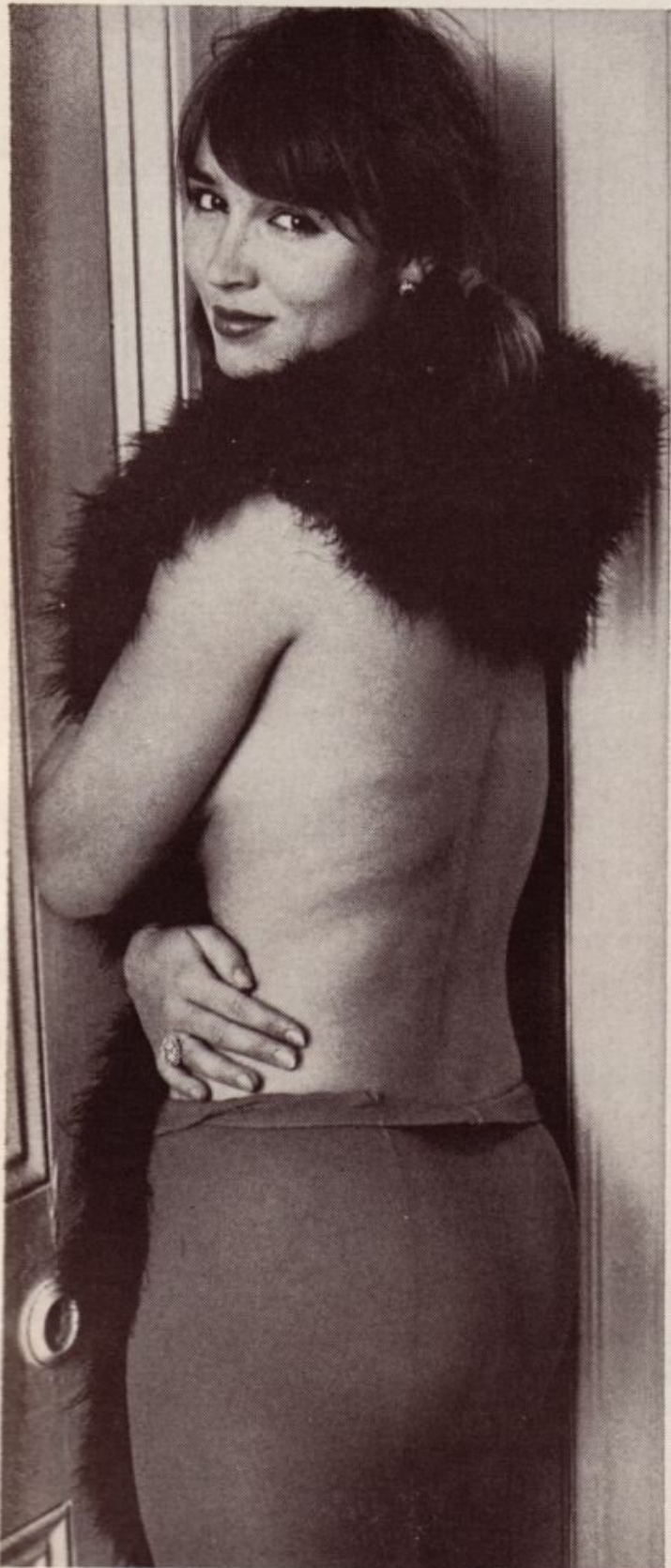
PHOTOS FROM GALAXY, UPI



*Dancing with Paul Getty, Jr., at a night club in Rome (facing page), 25-year-old Dutch actress Talitha Pol scores biggest catch of them all. Getty family is worth several billion dollars, and Talitha captured share of loot with variety of charms, notably those which she displays to camera (below).*

hardly the prettiest; she's shapely, but not the shapeliest; smart, but not the smartest; talented, but not the greatest. In short, she isn't an -est in anything, except when it comes to loot. So what's her secret?

It's the old story—a case of being in the right place at the right time. Talitha was at a party in London. Getty was at the same party. Their eyes met, and it was “love at first sight” or something like that. At any rate, Getty kept steady company with Talitha from that moment on. Even while he was in charge of his father's business interests in Rome, he flew to London twice a







Disclosing assets which helped her gain fortune (left), Talitha is now daughter-in-law of world's richest man, Jean Paul Getty (far left). Escorted by husband and police (bottom), she departs from marriage hall.

week just to be with Talitha. It wasn't long before they decided to tie the proverbial knot.

Interestingly enough, however, the Cinderella love affair did not culminate in true storybook fashion with a dazzling wedding attended by a host of international celebrities. Rather, the couple made their vows in a municipal marriage hall in Rome. Getty, wearing a plain business suit, simply walked to the ceremony from his nearby apartment. Talitha, who arrived in a rented limousine, was dressed in a white mink-trimmed coat cut to mini-skirt brevity.

The only decorations in the marriage hall were some carnations left over from a previous wedding—and while that earlier wedding was taking place, Getty and Talitha had to wait in a vacant office.

Getty's father did not attend the ceremony because of "too many business commitments," and the only guests were uninvited swarms of free-lance photographers—the *paparazzi*—who tried to crash into the hall several times and were forcibly ejected each time by a phalanx of cops.

The whole affair cost the bridegroom a measly two dollars, and afterwards he took his bride directly to his apartment, with no plans for a honeymoon. Moreover, Talitha had to vow—in accordance with Italian marriage laws—that she would, if necessary, support her husband.

As laughable as that provision may sound, it is a fact that Talitha can contribute a sizable sum to the Getty kitty. The actress—who was born in Bali, the granddaughter of painter Augustus John (and most artists, by the way, die in poverty)—recently signed a British motion picture contract which guarantees her roughly \$300,000 over a four-year period. Even for a billionaire, that ain't peanuts.







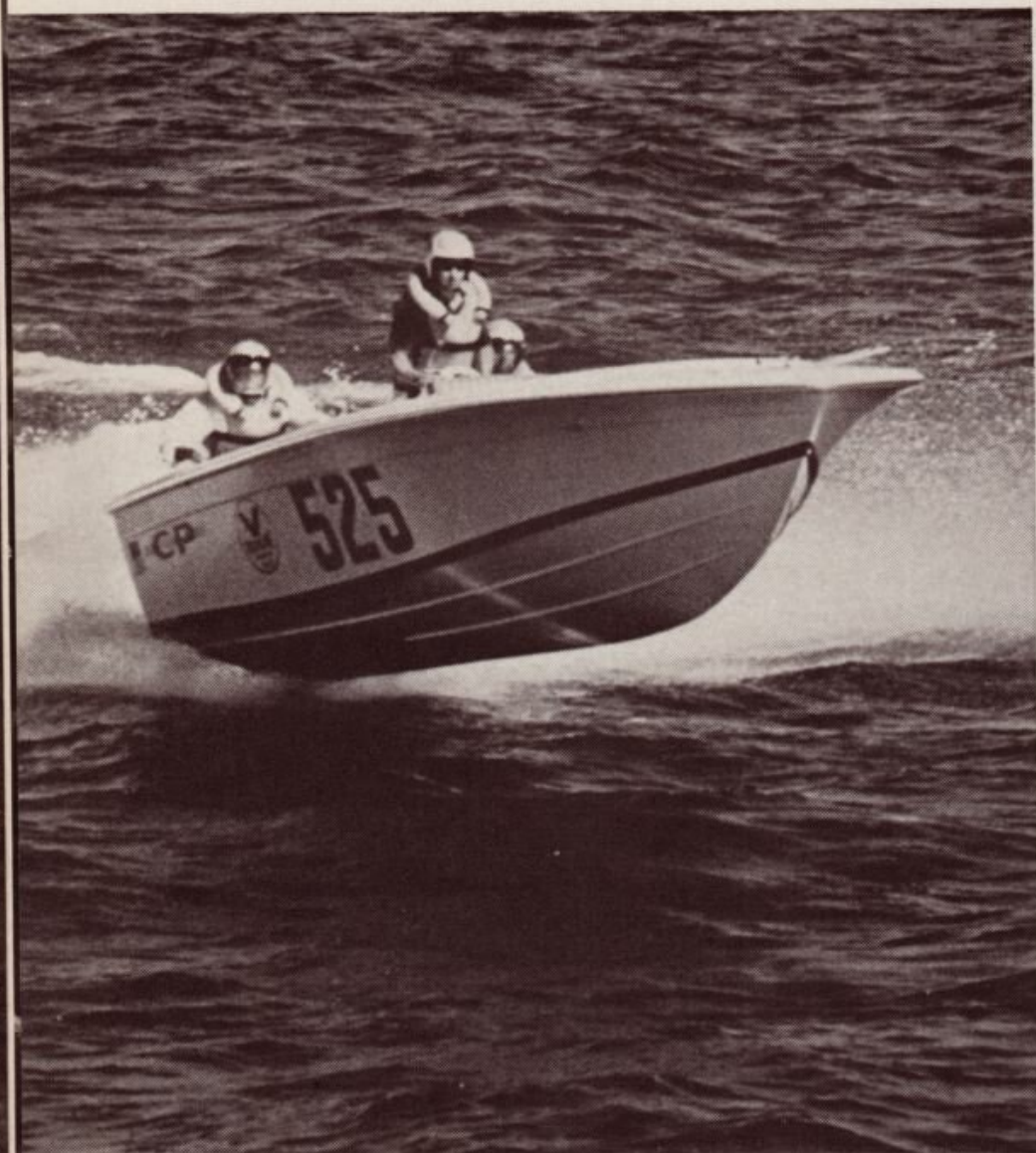
## ***MAKING WAVES AT A MILE-A-MINUTE***

*From Long Beach to Frisco  
the hard way—across  
the treacherous Pacific  
in a grueling test of  
courage, stamina,  
and seamanship...*

**PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN E. BOYKIN**



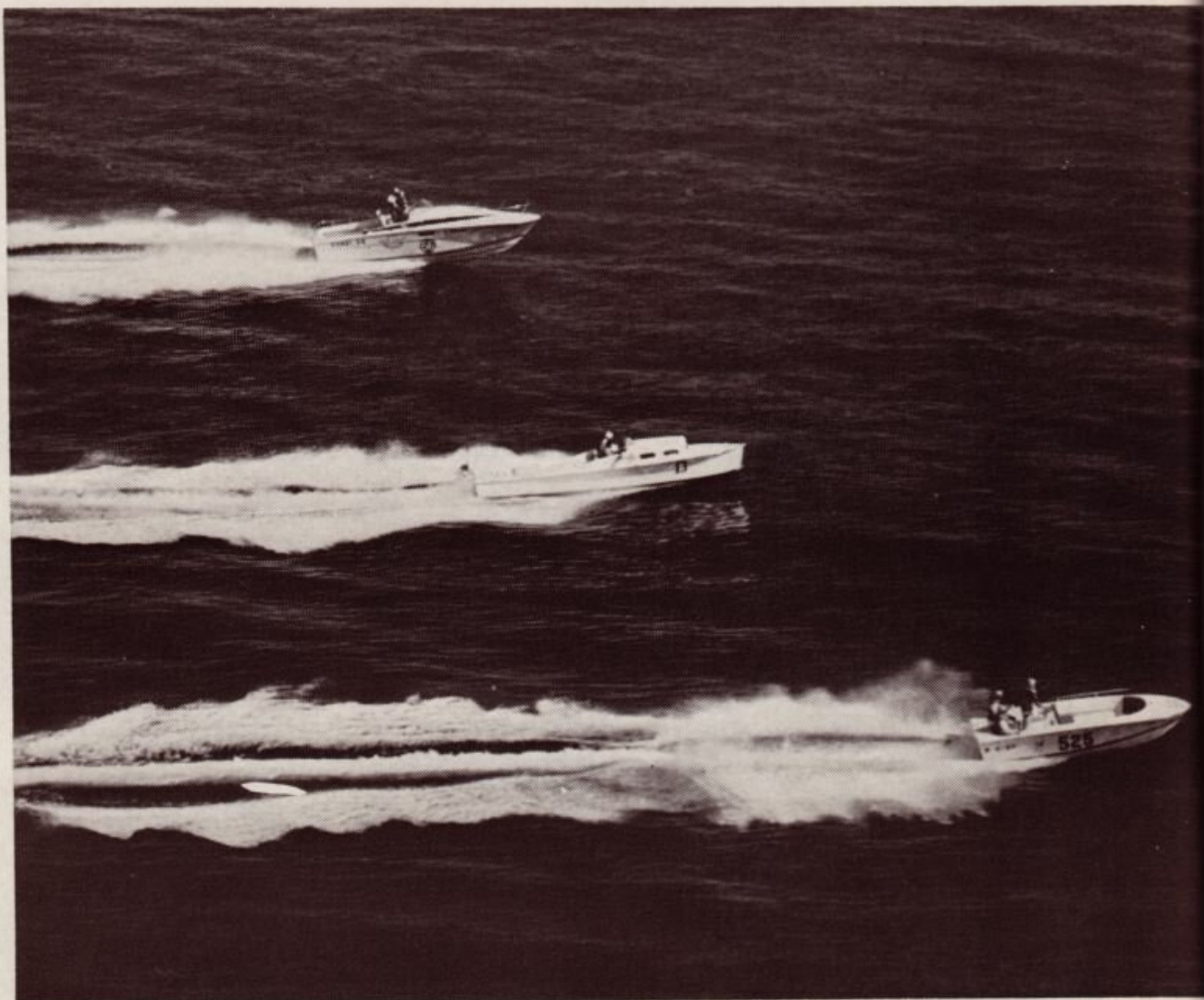
*Skipping over choppy water (below), 19-foot Nikki II is smallest boat in race. Twin-engine Zippe cuts wide wake at full throttle (right). Trio of racers head to sea (bottom).*



**K**NIFING through the Pacific at speeds up to 80 mph, 12 roaring powerboats recently tackled the longest off-shore race of all—the 440-mile gantlet from Long Beach to San Francisco. Only three boats made it. The others were reduced to casualties by the treacherous sea.

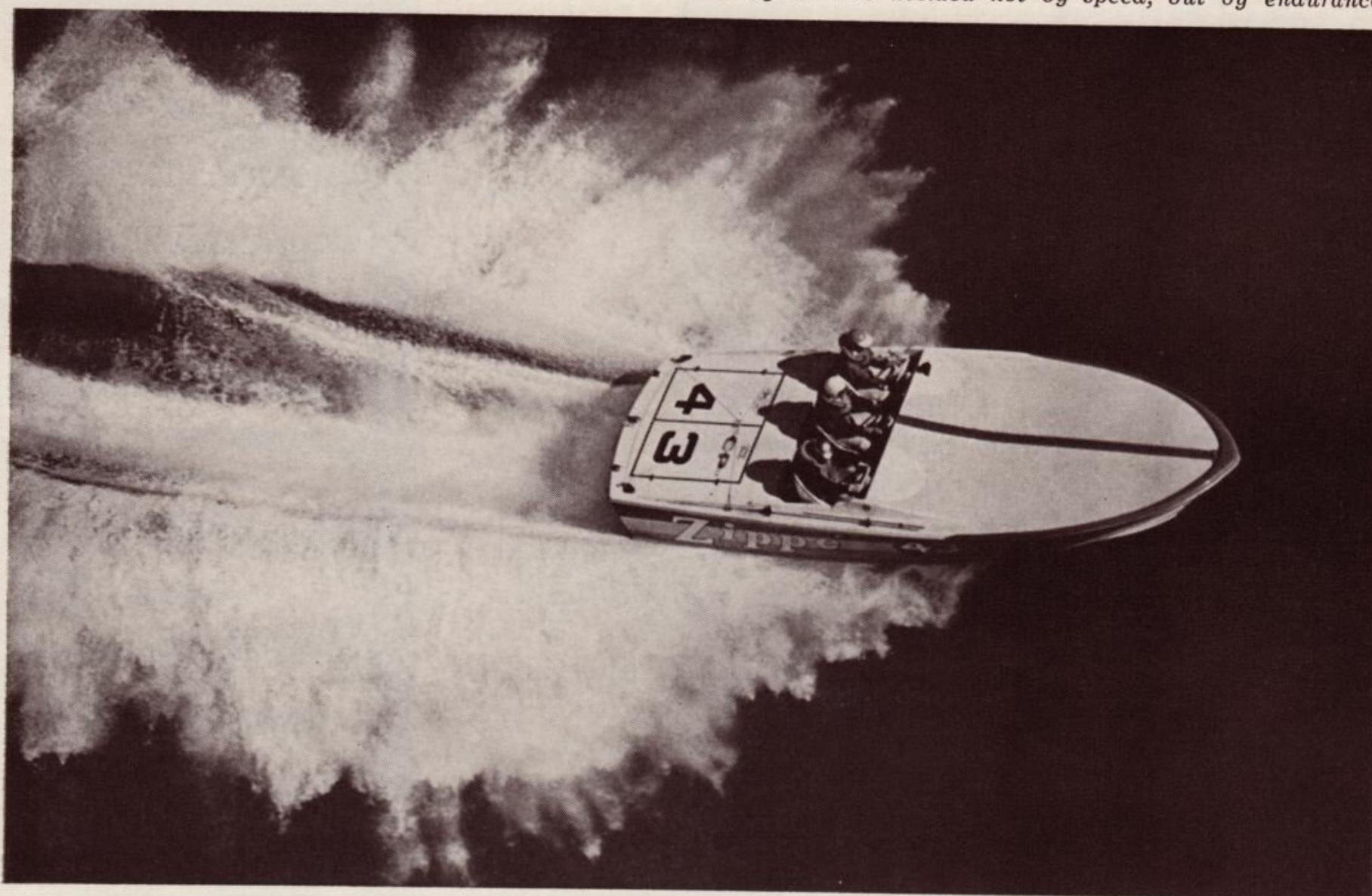
Magnificently photographed from the air by John Boykin, the race appears more beautiful than dangerous. Yet, concealed in the heaving waters of the Pacific are all sorts of brutal traps—rocks, seaweed, reefs, clawing currents, and—above the waves—blobs of fog. Driver Pete Rothschild summed it up before the race: “We are all scared to death.”

Rothschild's boat, *Thunderballs*, was the only single-engine craft in the race. Yet, despite lower speeds and 15 stalls due to carburetor icing, it emerged from a blinding fog at the mouth of Frisco Bay and passed under the Golden Gate 11 hours, 26 minutes, and 32 seconds after leaving Long Beach. It was slow time—but not too slow to win.





*Crashing through Pacific at top speed (below), Zippe is one of the most advanced boats in race, with deep-padded seats mounted on hydraulic shock absorbers and steering wheel for each member of crew. Slicing through swell off Point Conception (bottom), Thunderballs roars toward victory in race decided not by speed, but by endurance.*







WITH A NAME like Brigitte Cannes, a face like Liz Taylor, and a set of measurements that could give the U.S. Bureau of Weights and Measures an inferiority complex, MM's cover girl wouldn't surprise anyone if she were a starlet working toward her big break in films. After all, her first name immediately calls to mind one of the sultriest sex kittens who ever romped across a movie screen, and her last name just happens to be the site of one of the oldest and most venerated film festivals in the world. Brigitte, however, was her Paris-born grandmother's name



while Cannes was the surname and birthplace of her grandfather. So she came upon her provocative appellation quite innocently.

As far as a film career goes, that is another story. Brigitte already has a successful "film" career—at least by her own admittedly modest standards—but she hasn't appeared in any motion pictures. Rather, she makes her living behind a camera—and a still camera, at that.

# BRIGITTE CANNES





**UNCOVERED COVER GIRL**





Brigitte is employed by a large West Coast camera supply distributor to demonstrate photographic equipment—primarily Polaroid cameras. Every week Brigitte appears at a different camera shop, drugstore, etc., shooting free portraits of customers and demonstrating how simple and virtually mistake-proof the cameras are. "I really love my job," Brigitte says. "It's the kind of job that is impossible to become bored with. Every assignment is new and different. The people I shoot are always happy to receive a nice photograph free and many of them buy a camera because they like the picture I took so much. But







**UNCOVERED COVER GIRL**









## UNCOVERED COVER GIRL




there is no pressure on me to sell anything. All my boss told me to do is have fun and look pretty—and that's just what I do."

And that's just what she was doing when top Hollywood lensman Ron Vogel entered a camera store to pick up his weekly supply of film. He was amused that he was asked by a beautiful girl to pose for his own portrait. The picture took 60 seconds to develop and that's about how much time went by before he told her who he was and pointed out the fact that she was being unfair to mankind in general, and hard-working glamour photographers in particular, by not spending some time in front of the camera herself. Brigitte balked at first, but finally decided that the experience would be an interesting one, and the model's remuneration, of course, also merited favorable consideration. Their shooting session was so great that Vogel still refers to it as the Cannes film festival.







*Carrying driver Hugh Randell  
to his death, Vargo Special roadster  
flips end-over-end at Langhorne, Pa.,  
during 1962 speedway race.*

# **ARE RACE DRIVERS FEARLESS?**

**BY KEVIN M. KELLEGHAN**



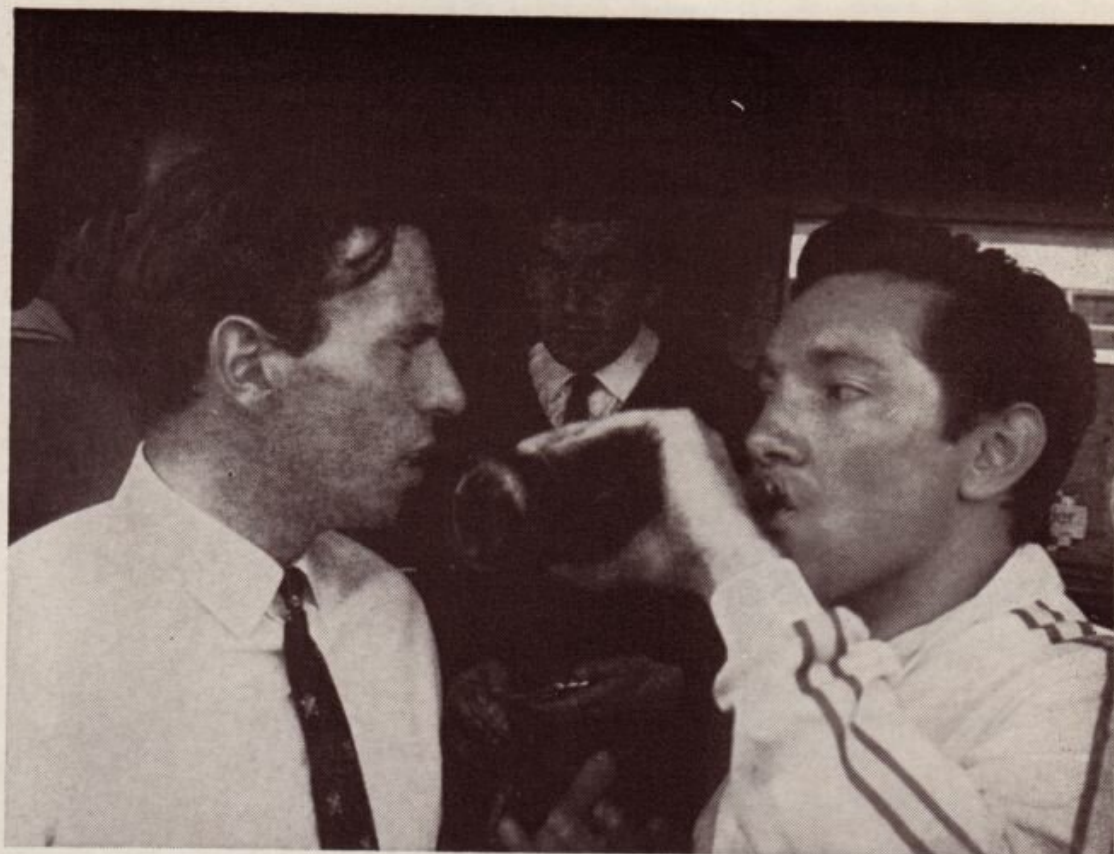
*Each time a driver enters a race, he must face the fact that someone may be injured or killed—and the life that gets lost could be his.*

TO ANY horrified spectator who has witnessed a sudden-death spectacle of fire and smoke on a race track, one question rises uppermost in the mind: how can a driver, after surviving such disaster, ever again force himself into the cockpit of a high-powered racing machine and propel it to the limit? It would seem to require tremendous courage, or an unusually cold-blooded attitude, or a suicidal streak, or all three, to pursue a life which continuously compels a man to stare at death.

Of course, auto racing is not the only sport which functions beneath the spectre of doom. Bullfighting is another. And football, boxing, even skiing have been marred by fatal accidents. But auto racing is unique in that death strikes suddenly, spectacularly, and with great sweeping strokes that often chop more than one driver and occasionally many spectators as well. Moreover, a bullfighter's survival is dependent solely upon his own skill in handling the animal. But a racer can be jeopardized by the foolishness of another driver, by a defect in his car, by a wrong decision in the pits, by some slight negligence on the part of the track crew, or by one of hundreds of freak circumstances which occur with frightening frequency.

Then there is the driver's own conscience to contend with. Doubtlessly, many speedway stars are haunted by thoughts that, at one time or another, something they did or failed to do might have caused a fatality.

How does a driver face such fears? Does he merely live with them, conquer them, or eventually succumb to them? I sought the answers at the recent Mexican Grand Prix in Mexico City, where I interviewed many top drivers before, during, and after the race. I learned a lot about the many ways of handling fear. And I guess you could say that I also learned a lot about courage . . .



"When you're in a race," explains driver Jim Clark (at left above), "you're mostly thinking about what the car is doing. If there's an incident on the track, you slow down to avoid the incident. You do your best." Comments Pedro Rodriguez (at right above): "You have to keep running. If you see an accident and you feel nervous—or something—you might as well stop and go home . . ."

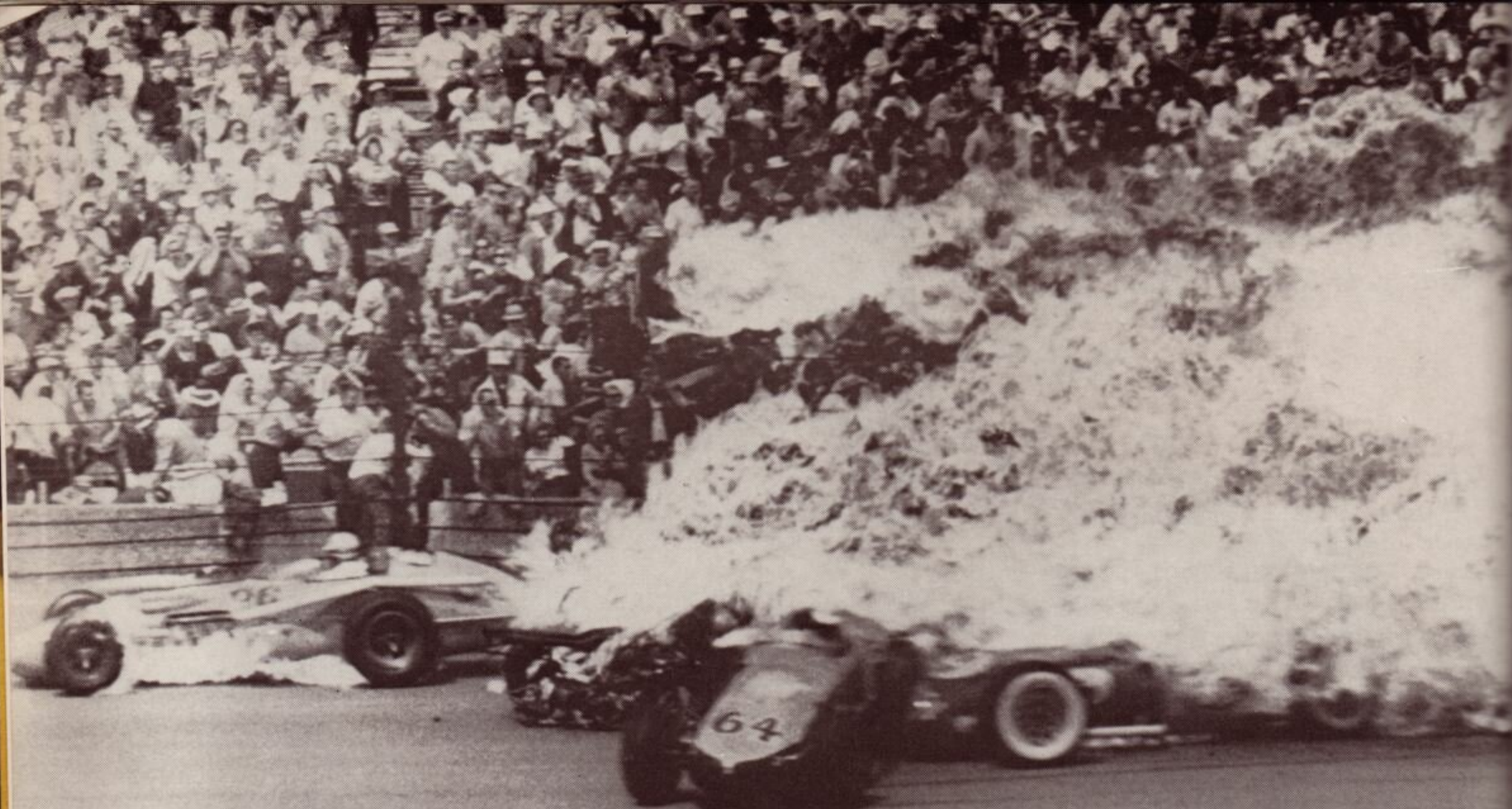


Joachim Bonnier: "Racing is dangerous, there's no question about it. Driving on a freeway is dangerous, too. I don't have a moment of panic when I see a car spin. I drive according to my ability, and that way I feel safe."



Ronnie Bucknam: "You don't notice the speed at all—100 mph or 200 mph doesn't make much difference. I think that if you felt any fear at those speeds, you wouldn't be able to do it. There's no fear involved."





*Erupting with fury of napalm bomb, fire at Indianapolis in 1964 engulfs several cars. Two drivers, Eddie Sachs and Dave MacDonald, were killed.*

PEDRO RODRIGUEZ squinted as he scanned the Mexican Grand Prix race track, minutes before another test of his Cooper Maserati. Was he thinking about his brother who'd been killed while practicing on this same track in 1962? Probably. I had asked him how he reacts after witnessing a serious auto racing accident.

He turned to look at me, his smooth tan face still too young for wrinkles. "You have to keep running," he said. "If you see an accident and you feel

nervous—or something—you might as well stop and go home."

Formula One cars were zooming past the pits as we talked, their motors shattering the calm. It was hot. The Aztec sunshine was so sweltering that drivers were sweating before they climbed into their cockpits.

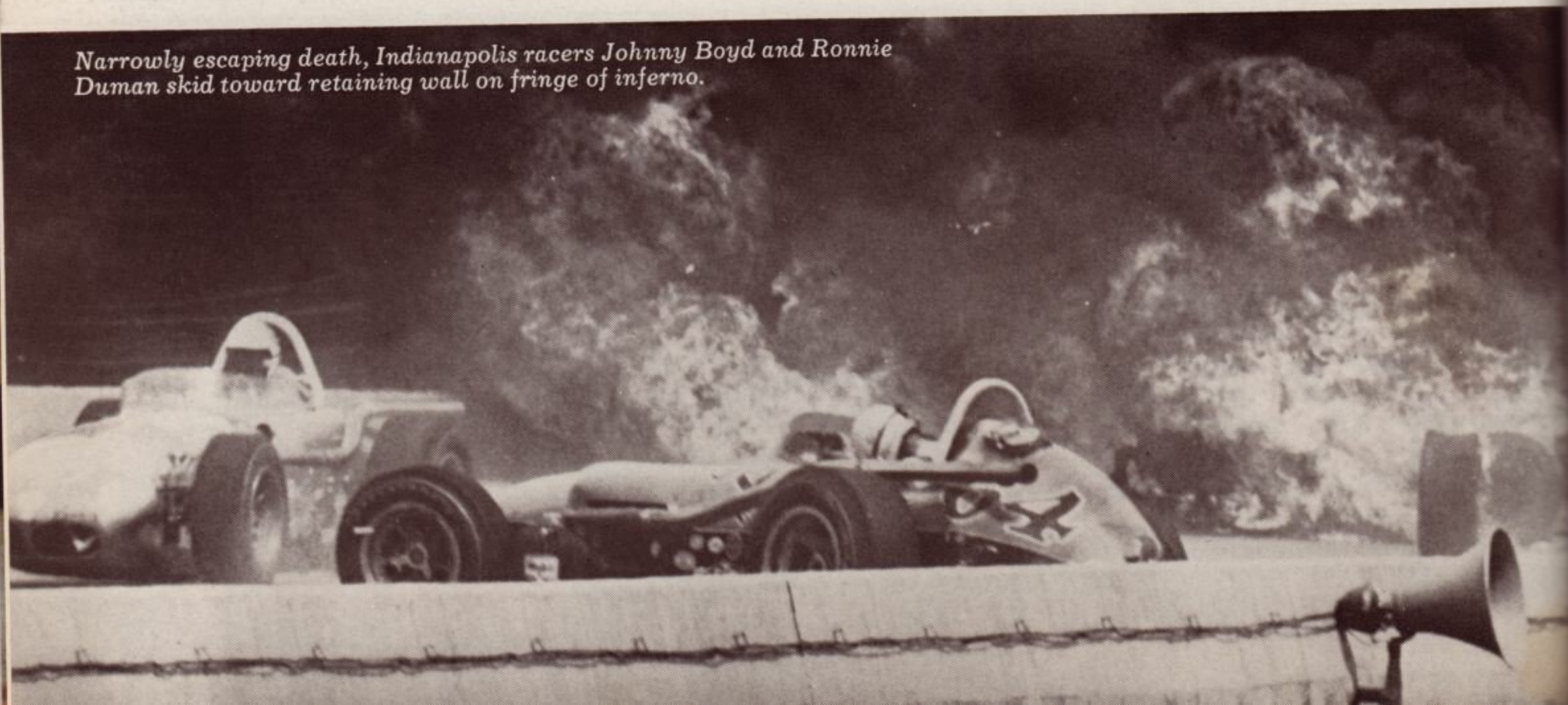
World champion Jack Brabham, his gold helmet jutting out of his Brabham-Repco like a yellow lightbulb in a mechanic's garage, roared by the pits. When he'd passed, I could hear Pedro.

"I have been in situations where I have lost control of the car. But I have not been afraid." He's such an amiable young man that I found myself hoping he would surprise everyone and come in first tomorrow. In spite of the risks.

"Afterwards . . ." He paused as a pair of engines sheared the momentary silence. He watched them go by. Then he continued. "I just try not to remember."

He pulled on his helmet, said something to his mechanic, and then clam-

*Narrowly escaping death, Indianapolis racers Johnny Boyd and Ronnie Duman skid toward retaining wall on fringe of inferno.*







bered into his car. Seconds later he was flagged onto the track. He disappeared down the straightaway.

I could feel the tension as I walked down the broad esplanade in front of the pits that Saturday afternoon. Drivers were worried. Here it was, less than 24 hours before the Grand Prix, and problems with gas, with motors overheating, with mechanical difficulties, had them pacing like restless lions in a cage.

Cars were pulling in and out. You had to snap your eyes toward the entrance every few minutes because the low-slung racers came in fast off the track to the pits. The drivers were in no mood to mess around with press people. Their minds were nailed to something else.

Scotland's Jim Clark is short in stature. And when he's worried, he tends to bend forward slightly. Twice world champion, he tore up this Mexican track in the first and second races to win twice. But this time it would be different. Perhaps he already knew that in the Fifth Mexican Grand Prix something would go wrong.

He smiled when I said hello. In spite of the problems with the car. He was just standing there, his right hand lightly touching (Continued on Page 60)



Innes Ireland: "One has so many 'incidents' in one's driving, that if you started to get worried about all of them, you'd become a nervous wreck."

John Surtees: "I think you do have a moment of panic if something happens and you know it's going to be pretty difficult to avoid it. I don't think about becoming involved myself. I'm too busy trying to avoid running into anything."



Dan Gurney: "You're concentrating on what you're doing, not thinking about what you're feeling. The closer you are to the limit, the more intense your concentration must be . . ."





*Teaching beautiful girls how  
to strip and strut, Hollywood night  
club owner is entrepreneur  
whose business is a pleasure.*

*By Frank Thistle*

**CHUCK LANDIS**

**MAN**  
*who has it*  
**MADE**







Surrounded by "harem" of beauty queens (top far left), niterie king Landis holds court in Hollywood's famed Largo Club. Chatting with comedienne Betty Ross (top left), watching Michelle Lemay dress (bottom left), Chuck makes sure all is ready. Then, he measures Joni Carson (above), registering mock surprise at how far the tape has traveled.

**I**F AN AWARD were ever to be offered for the man who lives in the most enviable work-a-day world, five will get you ten that the lucky fellow who will rate the top prize will be Chuck Landis, burly owner of the Largo Club, Hollywood's lushest peel palace, a long-time landmark on Sunset Strip.

The 47-year-old impresario personally trains the shape-liest strippers in the business for the sizzling stage shows that have made his famous club the hottest spot since Mt. Vesuvius blew its top. And, as if that weren't payment enough, he reaps an annual \$200,000 for his "efforts."

Landis' bevy of exotic dancers would make any harem master turn green with envy. In fact, Walter Winchell once called the Largo Club, "The gayest girl spot in movie-town." It is still all of that, and even more—that is, if you like your strip-tease served with torrid torsos, mobile abdomens, and bouncing bosoms—and who doesn't?

Landis was the first to bring strippers to Sunset Strip.

While other night club owners were going broke with big-name entertainers, he decided and rightly so, that the only sure-fire way of sparking sagging attendance was to sell red-hot sex. He felt, however, that a Sunset Strip night club featuring strippers should be on a much higher plane than an ordinary burlesque show. Therefore, he turned thumbs down on the "rough stuff" so prevalent in burlesque circles, for a more sophisticated version.

Part of Landis' success comes from building his own stable of strippers from bare-ly nothing, rather than hiring name peelers. He combs the model agencies in L.A., talking to young, pretty girls about learning the bumps 'n grind trade. Then, with the help of an expert choreographer, he shows them what to do with what they've got.

Just what are the requirements for a stripper? Landis, who knows how to figure figures to add a profit, has all the answers. "I think, first of all, it isn't enough for a stripper to move across the stage, take off her clothes, and





vanish behind a curtain. Modern audiences are tired of cut-and-dry peeling routine. They couldn't care less how many clothes are taken off—it's how they're taken off that separates the girls from the potential Gypsy Rose Lees.

"The stripper who is successful," Landis continues, like a sex-programed computer, "is the one who knows how to project her personality over the footlights, and make every man watching her think she's performing exclusively for him. That is the secret of a great strip-tease artist."

One member of Landis' bevy of peelers who perfectly fits his own description of a great artist is Joni Carson, the shapely star of the Largo for the past four years. Frustrated with her secretarial job in Denver, she sent a picture of herself to Landis, expressing her desire to become a showgirl. He invited her to come to Hollywood and she headed westward in the next plane.

"My hunch was right about Joni," Landis declares. "She is a real winner. Fortunately for me and my club, Joni has no acting aspirations. She wants to remain a professional stripper."

Joni Carson's ability to doff her duds in expert fashion has been noted by movie moguls. She was recently called in to teach actress Suzanne Pleshette the art of the strip-tease for a role in *The Invaders* TV series.

Another curvy Landis discovery is Miss Las Vegas, who is billed as "Angel Face." The sharp-eyed club owner spotted her in the chorus line at a Vegas niterie, brought her to the Largo, and made a star of her. Since then, she has appeared in six movies, and three TV shows. She also has a featured role in the recently released movie, *Hotel*. Other members of the Largo family include Diane Lewis, Monique Monay, Michelle Lemay, Gina Starr, and Brandy Wilde. Laughs on the Largo stage are provided by Betty Ross, "The Big Mama of Mirth," and a veteran night club comedian, Joe Crisa. Together they keep patrons in stitches in between the girls' routines where all stitches are removed.

One important reason why there is very little turnover in Landis' show cast is because he does his level best to keep the girls happy. He takes a personal interest in his performers, and is looked upon as a "father" by the peelers (Landis himself is the father of three boys). "This way I have daughters in the family," the genial club owner laughs.

Has the topless trend hurt stripping business? Landis doesn't think so. "It's a fad," he maintains. "And, like all fads, it will eventually die out. In fact, topless entertainment has been a blessing in disguise to us. A lot of people tell me they would rather come to the Largo than a topless club. They like the 'mystery' of a sophisticated strip act. They're tired of silly gals who do nothing else but bounce their bosoms around."

There's no doubt that the Largo Club is enjoying the best business ever, just as Landis is enjoying his role of "torrid tutor" to gals with plenty to burn. Which is the same as saying that he's one guy whose maidens are the prime reason he has it made.



★ MODERN MAN ★



Breaking up dressing-room game of scrabble (top), Landis brings glad tidings of weekly paychecks to his performers (center). Discussing promotion poster with comedian Joe Crisa (above), Landis exhibits the tough, no-nonsense pose of a successful businessman.



# Modern Art for Men

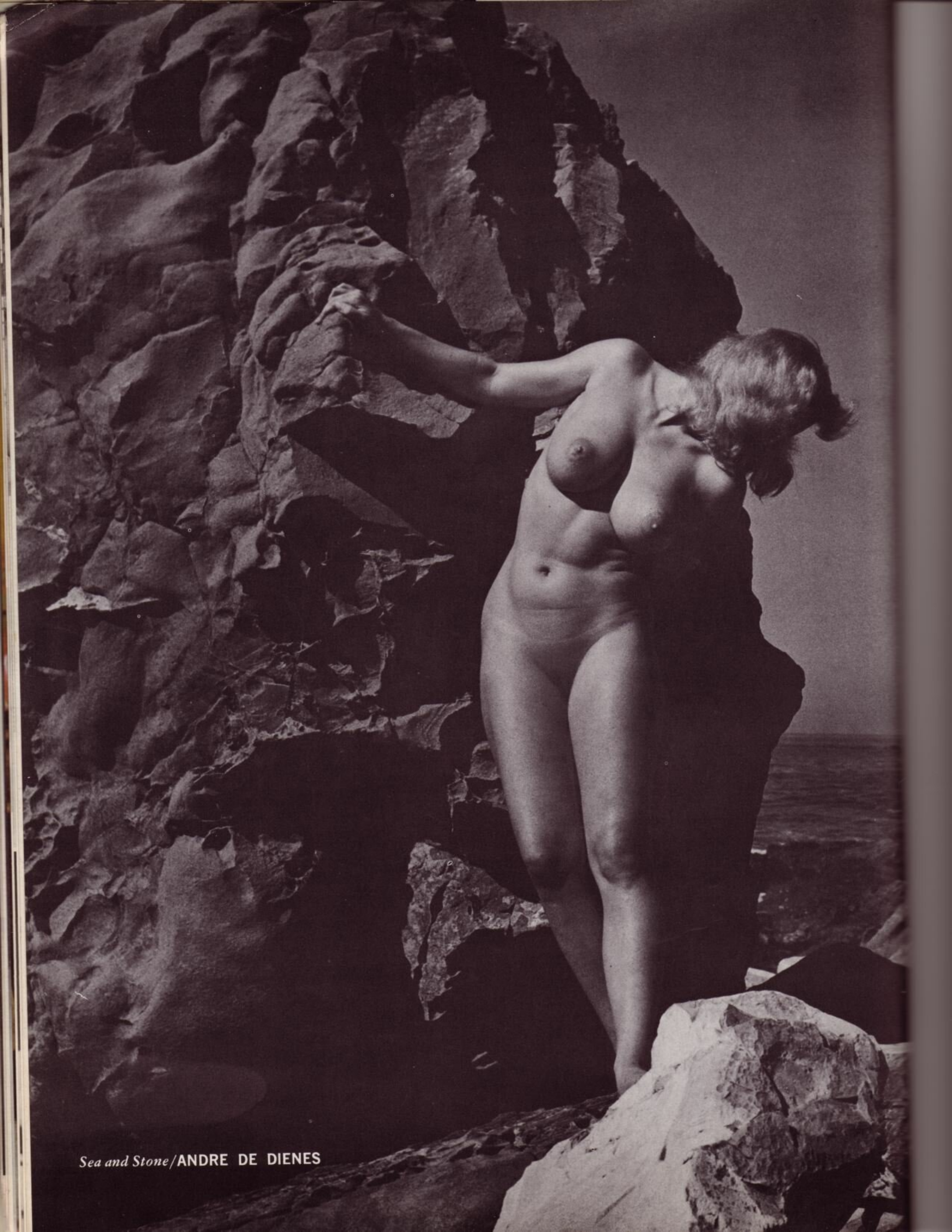
On this and the following pages are some of the world's most beautiful women, photographed by the world's most talented lensmen. That's a tough combination to beat, and it explains why the nude gallery has been one of MM's most popular features for more than 17 years. Chances are, it will remain tops as long as MM is around. After all, man has yet to find a subject more appealing than the feminine figure, and he's been looking at it for thousands of years.



Annette Johnson/BRUCE WARLAND







*Sea and Stone*/ANDRE DE DIENES











MODERN  
**MAN**

*Nancy Peterson*/RBK PHOTOGRAPHY

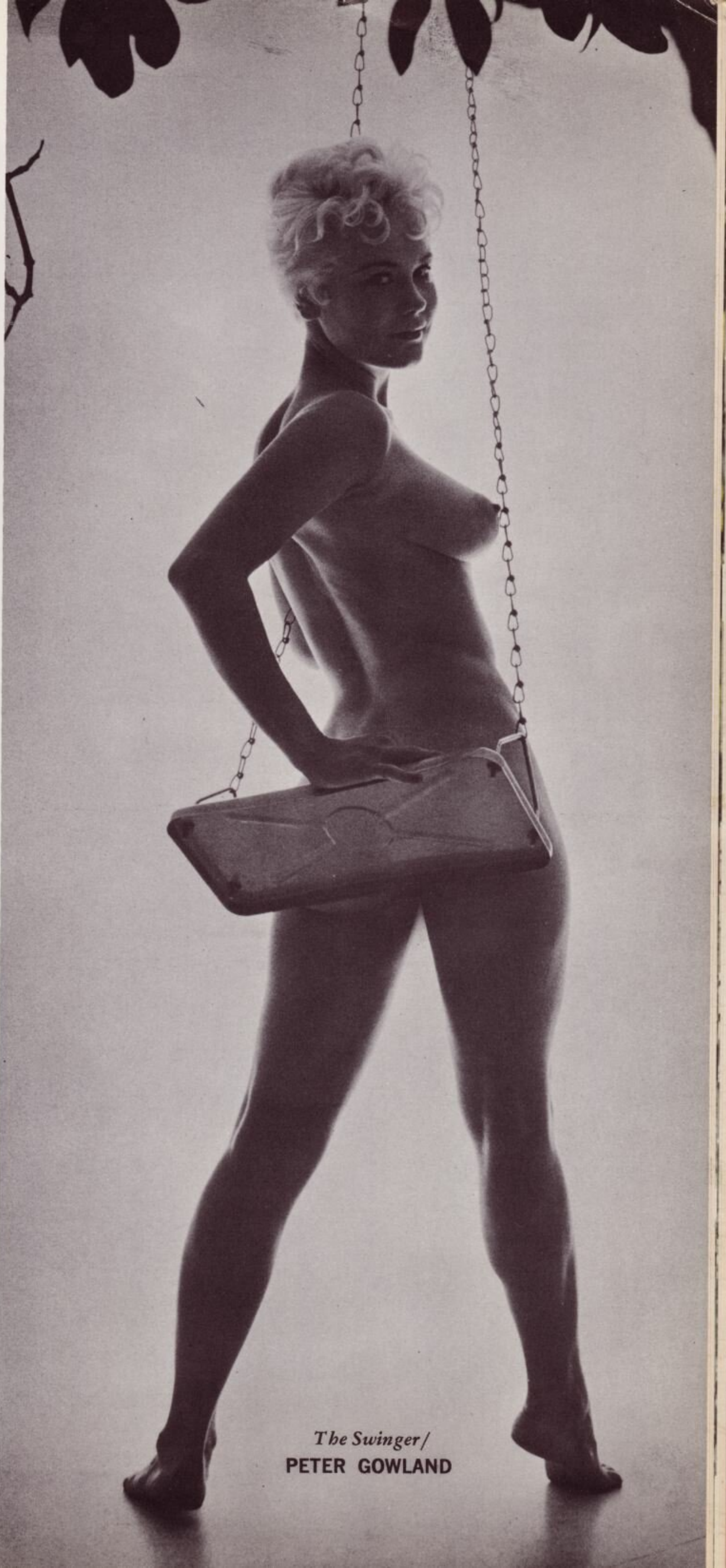
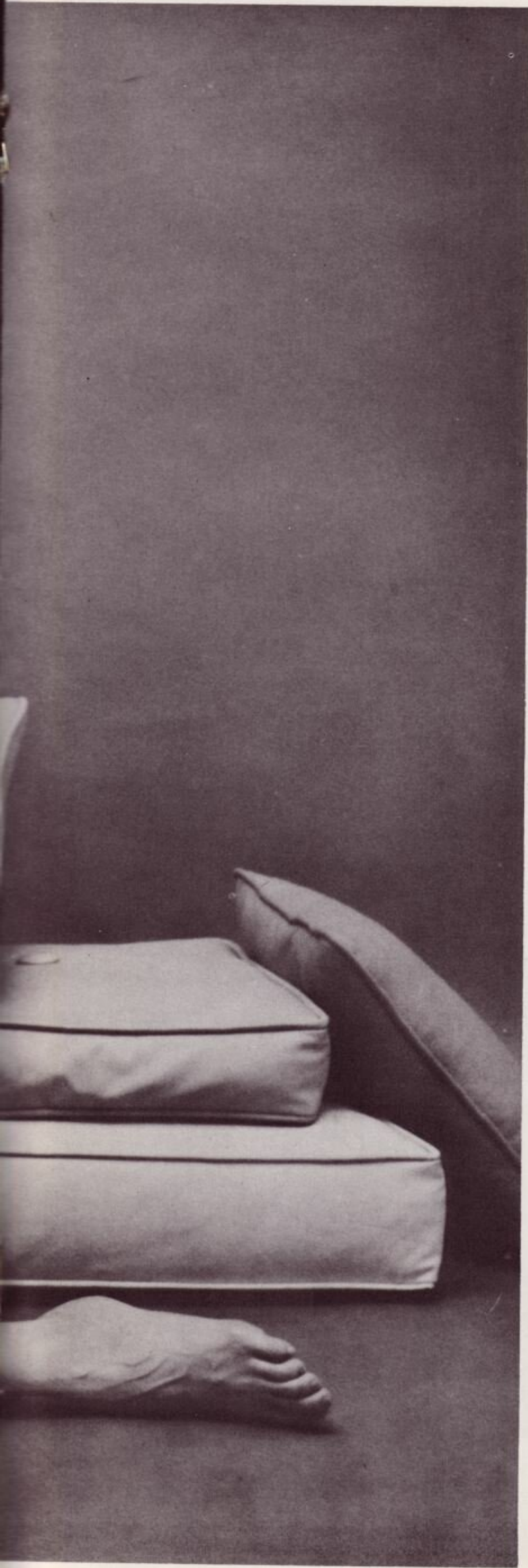






*Mellow Mood*/WILLIAM ROTSLER





*The Swinger/*  
**PETER GOWLAND**









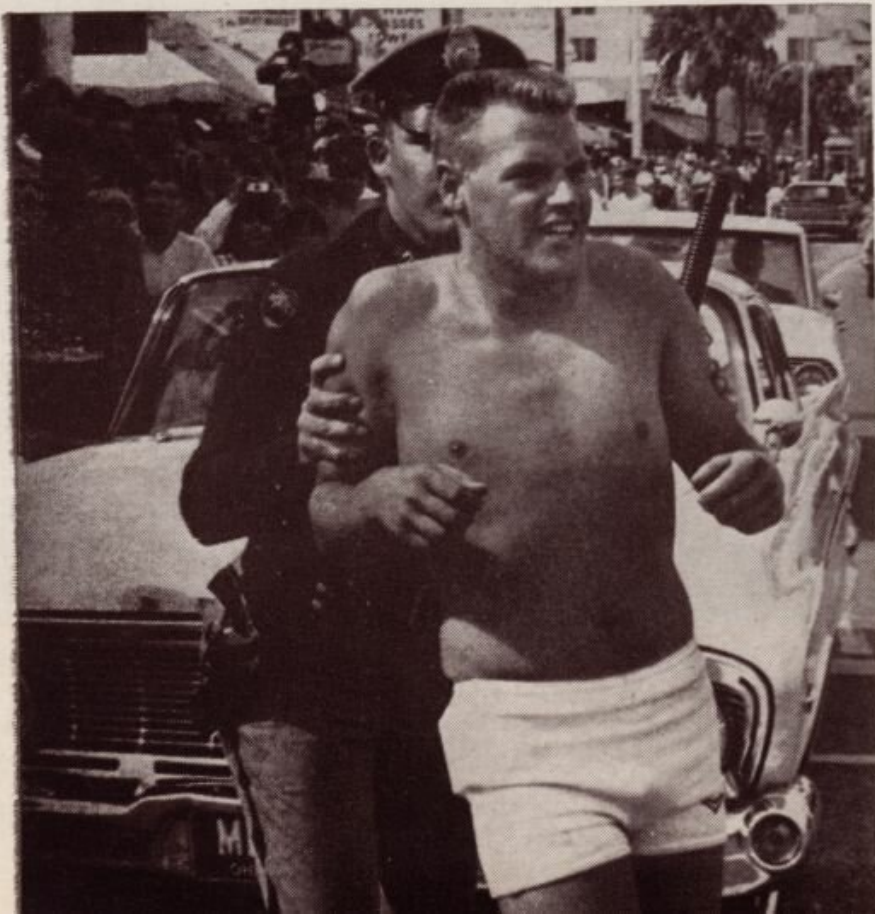
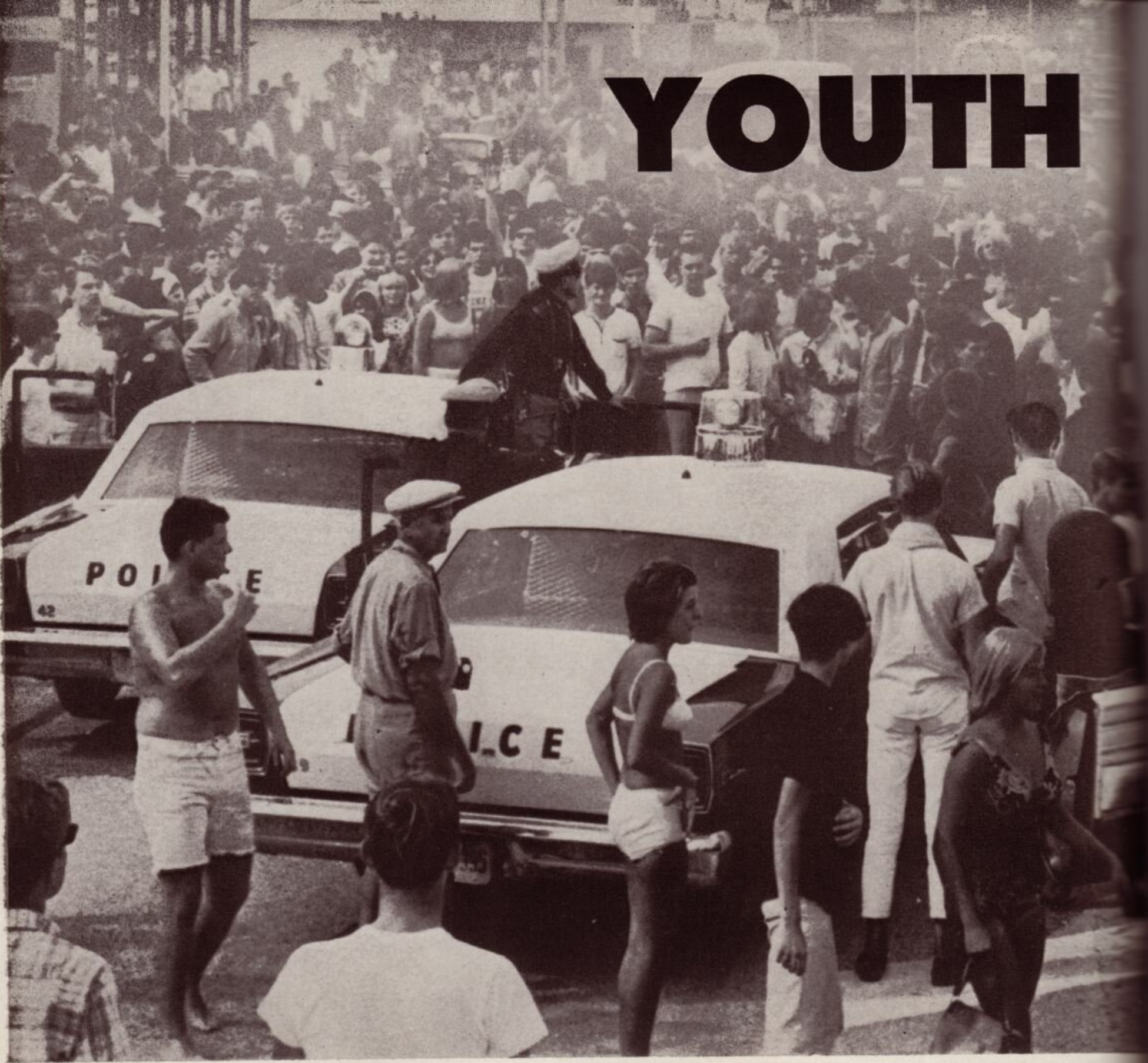
*Daydream/EVA GRANT*

*Modern Art for Men*

★ MODERN MAN ★



# YOUTH

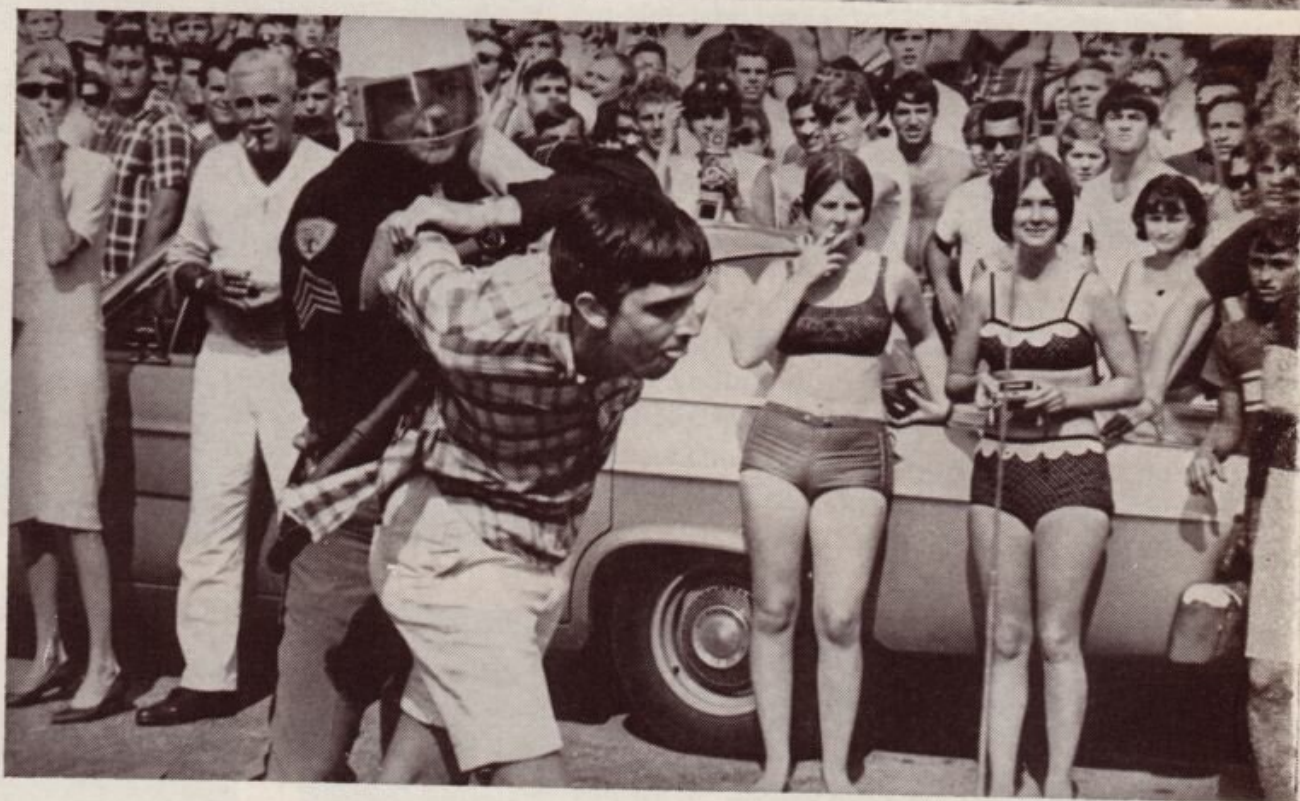
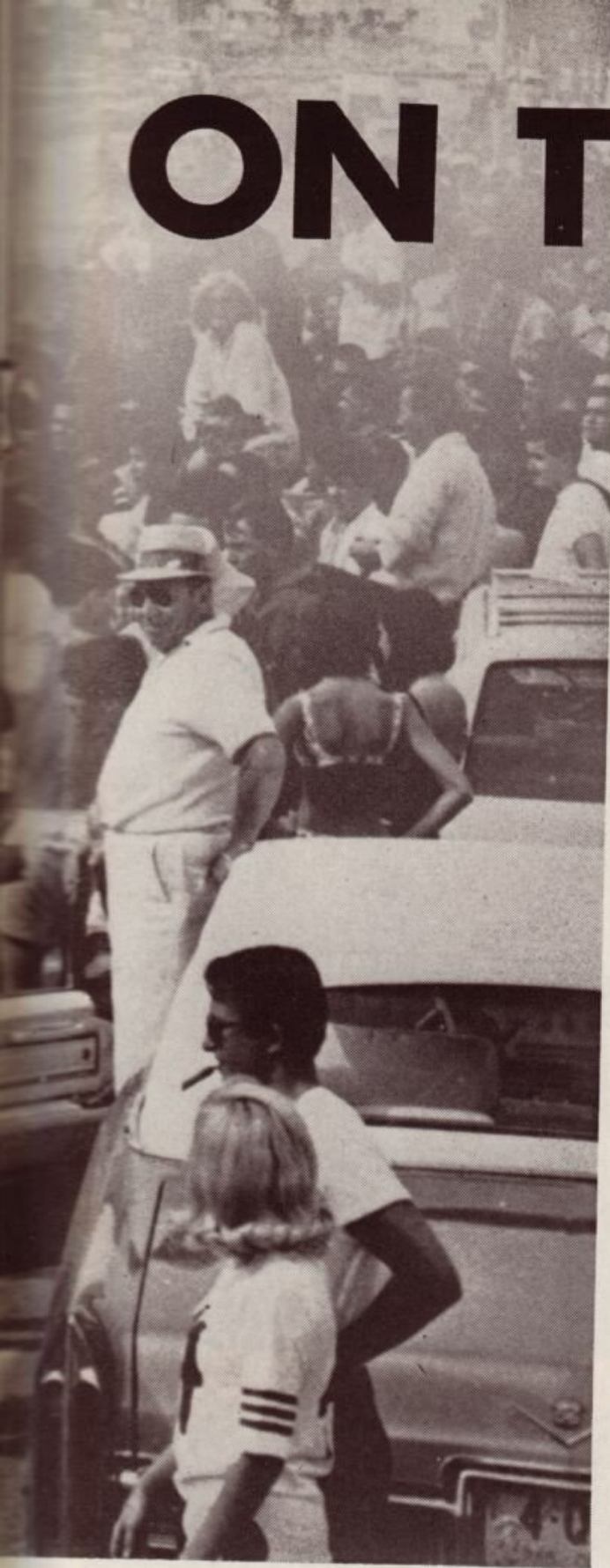


**T**IME WAS when the coming of spring was heralded by flights of birds returning north. Today, however, the vernal equinox is also marked by huge flights of college students heading south. Released from their campuses for spring vacations, they migrate to the "fun and sun capitals" to spend a week away from their teachers, away from their parents, and away from the pressures of studies and exams.

The availability of cash and cars, even reduced plane fares for students, makes it easy for youngsters to reach the sunny climes, where they begin blowing off some of the steam they have built up over a long winter. They descend in swarms on the "in" burgs—Daytona Beach, Ft. Lauderdale, Palm



# ON THE MAKE



Springs, etc.—flooding main streets, beaches, and motels, looking for various kinds of action. They seldom fail to find it. Mostly, they create it.

During the day, the beaches are where the action is. Consequently, it's SRO along the shoreline, as youthful swingers beer it up, dance to a cacophony of sounds from a thousand transistor radios, and mix with eager members of the opposite sex.

Crammed together in a stupendous sand crush, guys just can't help but make close acquaintances with chicks. Such friendships, however, tend to develop fully only at night, when beach action takes the form of campfire parties which offer excellent cover for undercover-type activities.

Mobbing Ft. Lauderdale street (above left), vacationing students nonchalantly block traffic while perturbed police officers try to disperse them, sometimes resorting to use of force (above, far left). Disorder started spontaneously and ended after police made eight arrests. On beaches (top), student activities are equally boisterous.

## *Invading southern resort towns*

*every spring, vacationing college students take advantage of mating season to sow their wild oats, much to the dismay—and profit—of local residents.*



At night, too, the students flock through the main drags of the towns, trying to make connections and often creating fantastic traffic jams as boys in hot rods creep along on the look-out for pick-ups, and gals in sedans inch forward, listening to the inducements of curbstone pitchmen.

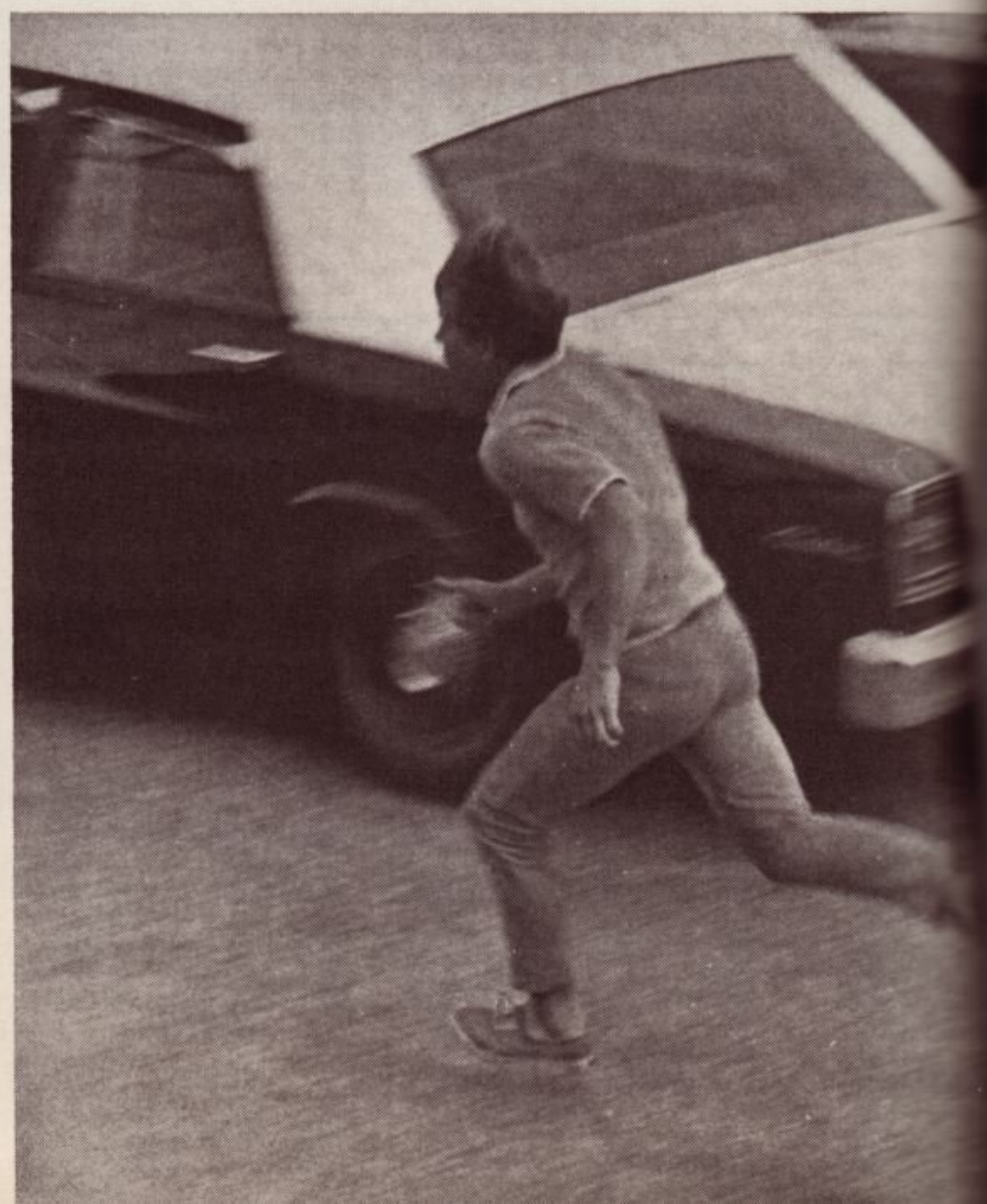
Not infrequently, a minor brush with a cop will cause a local flare-up that fast becomes a full-scale riot. Then, out come the police in force, blowing whistles and filling paddy wagons with bellowing protestors who are rushed to the lock-up to cool off and/or sober up.

The resort towns are powerless to prevent such situations. And it is doubtful that they really want to ban the youths—even if they could—since the influential merchants invariably emerge from the chaos with sizeable profits, even after they've deducted the costs of property damage. So the residents will simply have to learn to live with the disturbances, just as they've learned to live with booming businessmen's conventions.

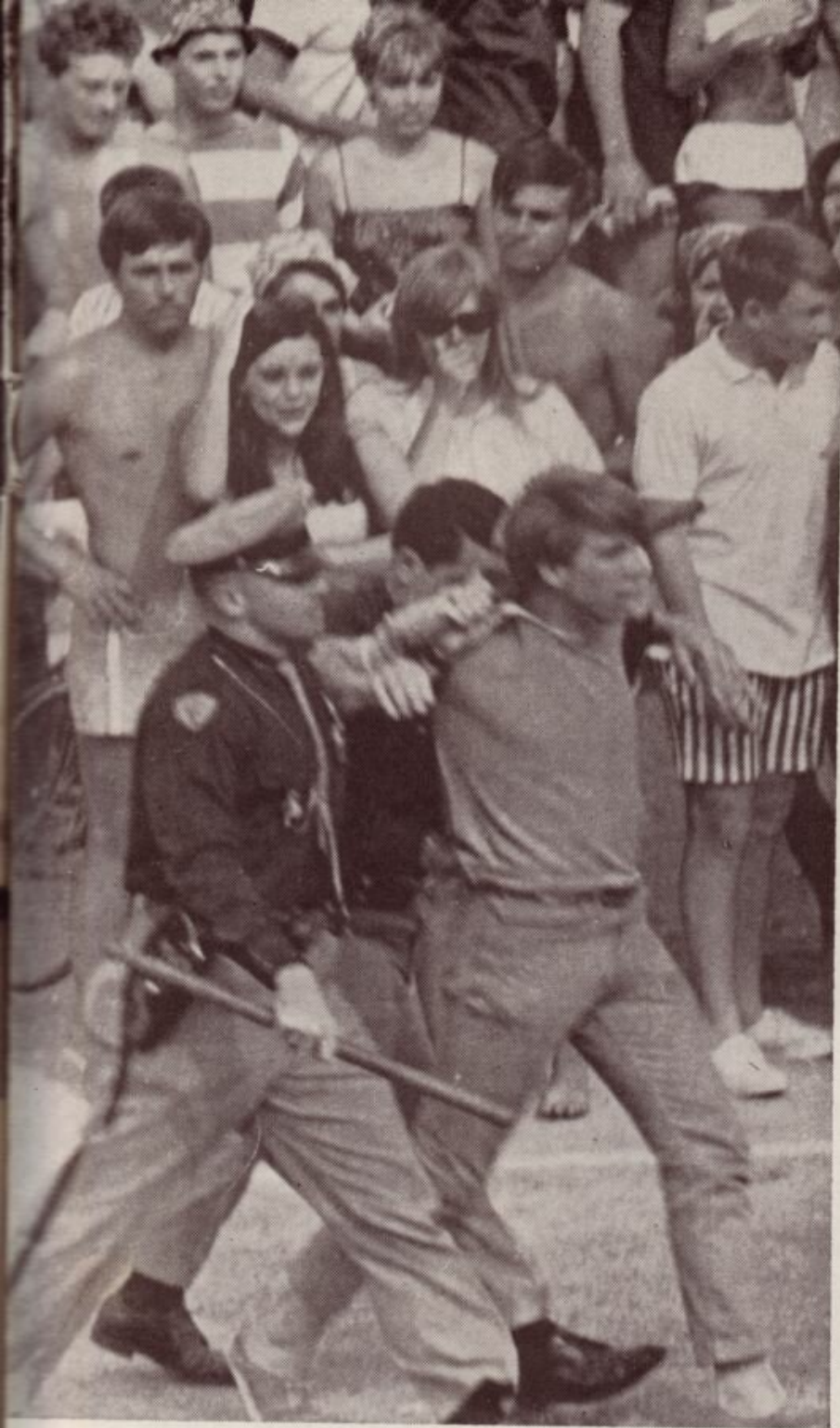
Focusing on one typical resort town (which, for obvious reasons, is not identified), the article starting on the facing page provides a close look at the weird events of one wild week. The author is the town's probation officer, a man—so to speak—who has seen it all.  
—The Editors



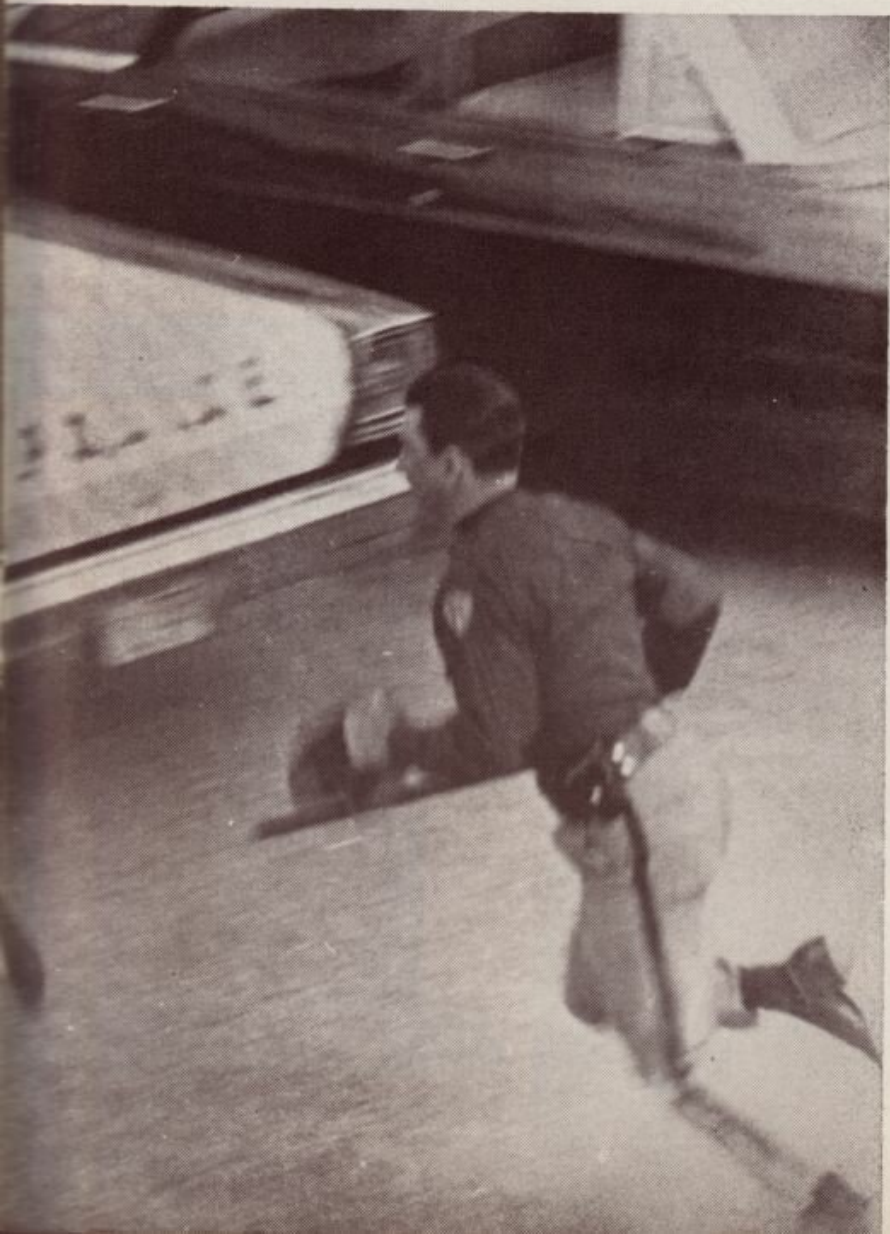
Packing Daytona Beach (top), estimated 45,000 youths occupy every square foot of sand. Crowded conditions also exist in Palm Springs, Calif., where youths arrive in truckloads (above), accept overnight accommodations in back of van (above right). Ft. Lauderdale frolics include run-in with lawmen, limbo dancing (facing page).







*Exposing inside story of student festivities,  
following article covers actual cases in  
town taken over by teens—By Ralph J. De Vido*



**A**S PROBATION OFFICER at a seaside resort town deep in the South, I meet hundreds of guys and girls, barely dry behind their ears, who come to me by order of the county courts. Some of the things they tell me—about what goes on in this town every spring—you wouldn't believe. But I believe them. Their stories usually are confirmed by the police reports.

A typical example is a party that was held last spring in an apartment. It quickly escalated into an orgy, then into a full-scale free-for-all. When the cops broke in, they found fists flying, beer bottles smashing against the walls, girls screaming and struggling to put on their panties, and a record player still going full blast. A paddy wagon carried the four dozen young men and women to the city jail, where most of them slept off the night in a drunken stupor.

However, these kids aren't what you'd call "bad"—at least, not until they hit our town. Most of the year, they are normal, healthy college kids or young people working at respectable jobs. When they arrive here, though, they become pleasure-bent, looking for thrills of any and all types. We don't encourage them to come here. In fact, they're one set of tourists we'd just as soon do without. But they keep coming back.

The worst times for us and, logically, the best times for them, are the two weeks (Continued on Page 56)



## DOLL OF THE MONTH







**I**T'S NOT OFTEN that a pretty figure model reports to work for an unknown artist, only to discover that the artist is even more lovely than she is. However, when this situation arose in Los Angeles recently, the artist happened to be MM's Doll of the Month, Erica Brodsky. How's that for a switch?

The model, whom Erica had hired sight unseen for ten dollars, reacted with typically feminine pride. "Honey," she said sweetly, "why don't you just use a mirror and save ten bucks?" Then she walked out, leaving Erica to contemplate one of the many wondrous advantages of being both an artist and a beautiful doll at the same time.

Being from the Canadian province of Quebec, Erica is not accustomed to

# ERICA BRODSKY

★ MODERN MAN ★



the fierce rivalries and idiosyncrasies of Hollywood models. In fact, she is not accustomed to Hollywood, period. She's simply a gorgeous, brown-eyed art student who longs to create great paintings, even if it means enduring years of hunger and suffering. However, suffering she was ready for; jealous models she was not. "I simply don't understand their attitudes," she says plaintively. "I can hardly use myself for a model—that would be just too vain. At the same time, I



## DOLL OF THE MONTH

can't be an artist without learning how to paint figures. The whole situation leaves me perplexed. It's the one kind of obstacle I hadn't anticipated."

Fortunately, not all figure models walk out—only some of those who get paid less than \$15 an hour. "The more attractive and confident models are, the more expensive they are," says Erica. "For \$25 an hour, I can hire a girl who won't consider me as worthy competition in a horse show."

That, of course, is just Brodsky modesty. The ironic part is that she has exposed her own 35-21-35 figure to modeling in order to earn the money she needs to pay for models. And the amount she earned from RBK Photography for this one set of MM photos is enough to hire all the high-priced posers she can use. But, of course, she will never, never let them know that.









*Photos by Bob Curtis*

*Text by Marv Kemp*

A MAN takes his chances whenever he climbs behind the wheel of a race car. And it does not matter what track he is on. Whether it is an international grand prix course or a stock car oval in the boondocks, the risks are the same. As a case in point, take the recent National Modified Sportsman Championships at Langhorne, Pa. This was an almost routine jalopy contest witnessed by a relatively small number of fans. But the sudden violence of a multi-car smash-up produced a spectacle as stunning

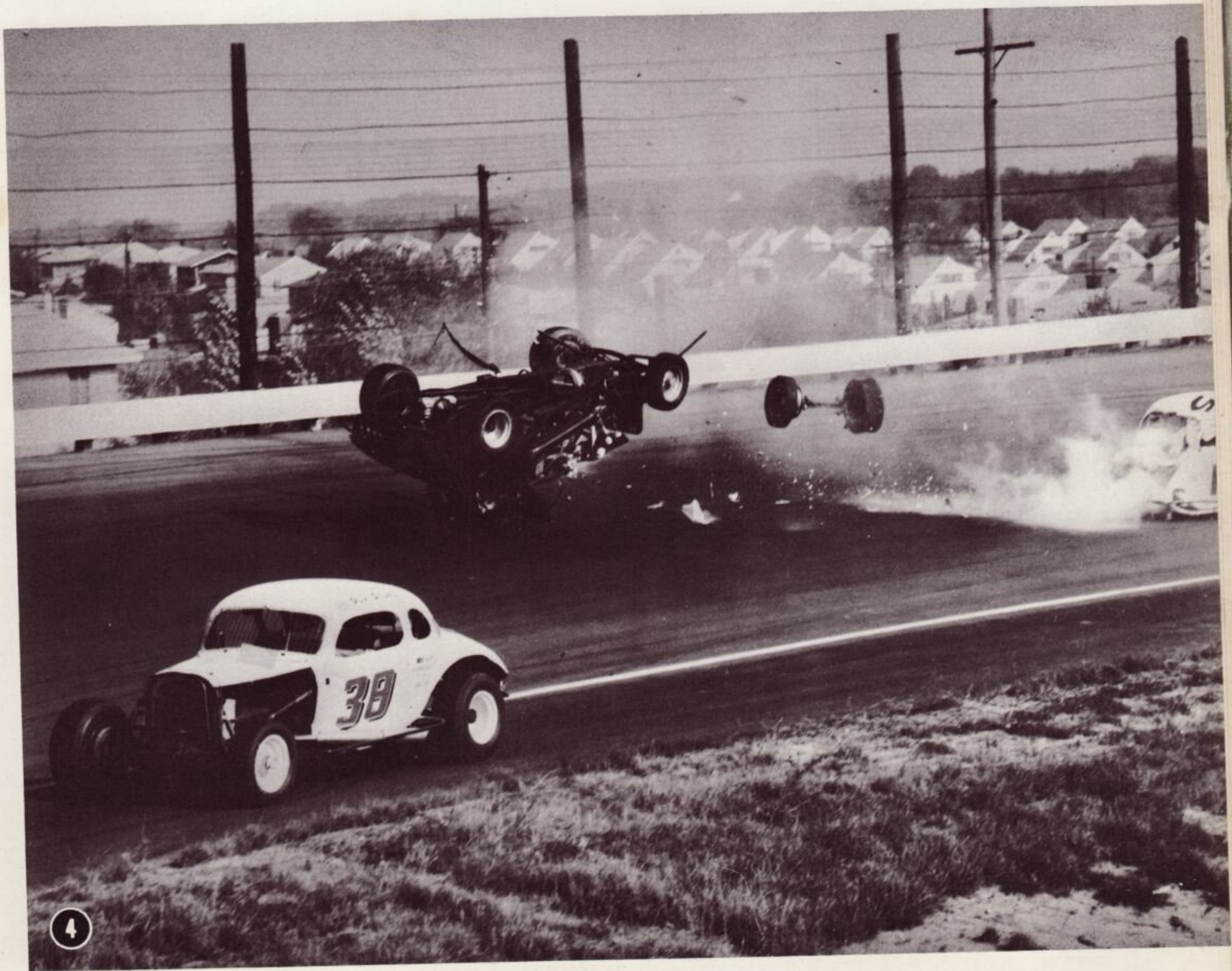


# ***ANATOMY OF A CRASH***

as you'd find at Le Mans, Sebring, or Indianapolis. It happened when driver Jim Malone barreled around a curve in car 34 and ran headlong into a traffic jam. He glanced off a front tire of rear-facing number 45 (see picture 1), careened on two wheels into number 15 (picture 2), catapulted over 15's hood (picture 3), and crashed upside-down onto the pavement (picture 4). Before Jim's splintering vehicle grinded to a halt, its roll bar was flattened and Malone was entangled in a virtual thicket of mangled metal. Miraculously, his injuries were slight: abrasions on both hands and a second-degree burn on one arm. Lensman Bob Curtis, who happened to catch the whole scene in a dazzling series of rapid-fire photos, was as startled as most of the spectators at seeing such a display of auto acrobatics in a race that wasn't expected to compete with big-league action—at least, not with that kind of excitement!









MM discovers:

# Julie Nash





**W**E'LL LET YOU IN on a little secret: it's no snap making these "discoveries" each month, despite the fact that MM lensmen all over the globe are supposed to be keeping their eyes peeled for shapely chicks who are going places. And it doesn't even matter where they're going—into movies, television, sports, politics, or a beauty parlor. Considering the unlimited scope of our search, it would seem that there'd be no end to the number of dolls eligible to be discovered, uncovered, and displayed on these pages. And yet, prior to the appearance of Julie Nash, MM's editors were hard put to choose between a talented bareback rider who makes a mistake by riding with the horse's back bare instead of her own; and a gal who shows promise of becoming the first female to win a national bricklaying championship. Obviously, MM's scouts had a bad month.

Fortunately, London lensman Russell Gay surfaced at the 11th hour with Julie Nash,







whom he describes as "a girl with very good legs, dazzling eyes, and a big future in modeling." And he went on to describe how he arrived at that momentous conclusion:

The public, explained Gay, generally doesn't give models much credit for skill and creativeness, assuming that anyone can hold still for a minute and say "cheese." However, a really top-notch pin-up model—who doesn't make every pose an engineering task for the lensman—must be a kind of "creative expressionist." She must know how to communicate sex appeal with subtle moves like parting her lips slightly, cocking an eyebrow, or arching her back. Julie Nash has what it takes, and it was apparent from the moment she entered Gay's London studio. Her walk was rhythmic, her smile was spontaneous, and her eyes were bright and candid. Several days later, when she exposed her full charms for the first time, there was no more doubt. The girl was definitely a discovery, and Gay lost no time dispatching her pictures to MM's offices.


In the rush to meet our deadline, we were not able to wait for Gay to supply Julie's vital statistics. But when you consider how we almost had a champion bricklayer, you can see there was no time to fret over details.





By Arch Ayres

# TOUGH WAY TO MAKE A BIKE BUCK

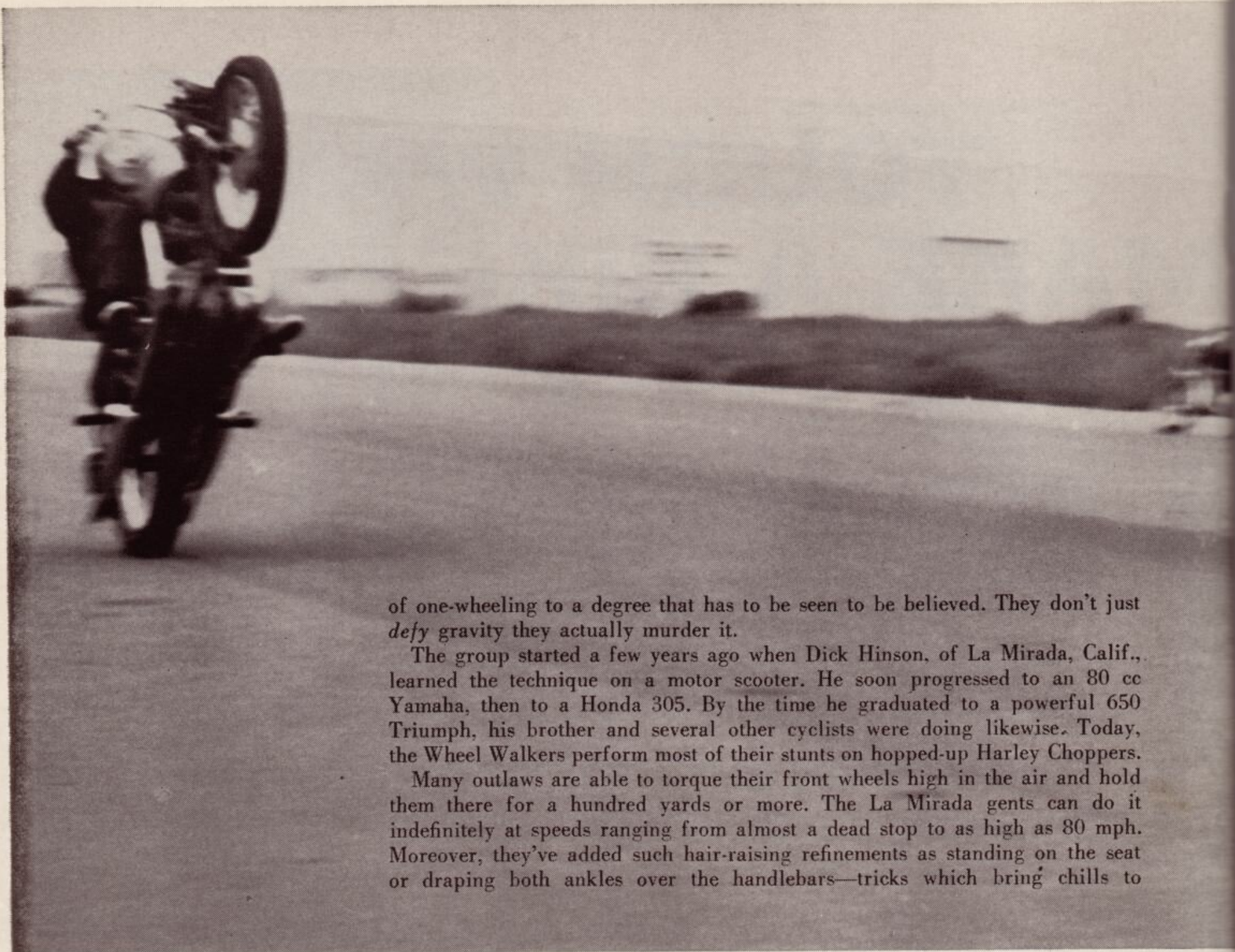


CALIFORNIANS have long been accustomed to seeing motorcycle "outlaws" perform exhibition stunts on city streets. If a cop happens to be around when one of these black-leathered storm troopers goes screeching down the pavement on one wheel, the outlaw can get slapped with a stiff fine—anywhere from \$250 to \$500—which shows you what California officials think of tricks like wheel-walking. But one group of "straight" cyclists has proved that wheel-walking can be a genuine sport, so long as it's confined to a dragstrip or street that has been roped off with permission from city hall. Known as the La Mirada Wheel Walkers, these well-balanced daredevils have won the admiration and respect of professionals, amateurs, police, and outlaws alike, by perfecting the art and science

*Taking hair-raising risks, daredevil motorpsychos defy gravity, tempt grim reaper, as they literally turn two-wheelers into flying machines.*

PHOTOS BY JOHN E. BOYKIN





of one-wheeling to a degree that has to be seen to be believed. They don't just *defy* gravity they actually murder it.

The group started a few years ago when Dick Hinson, of La Mirada, Calif., learned the technique on a motor scooter. He soon progressed to an 80 cc Yamaha, then to a Honda 305. By the time he graduated to a powerful 650 Triumph, his brother and several other cyclists were doing likewise. Today, the Wheel Walkers perform most of their stunts on hopped-up Harley Choppers.

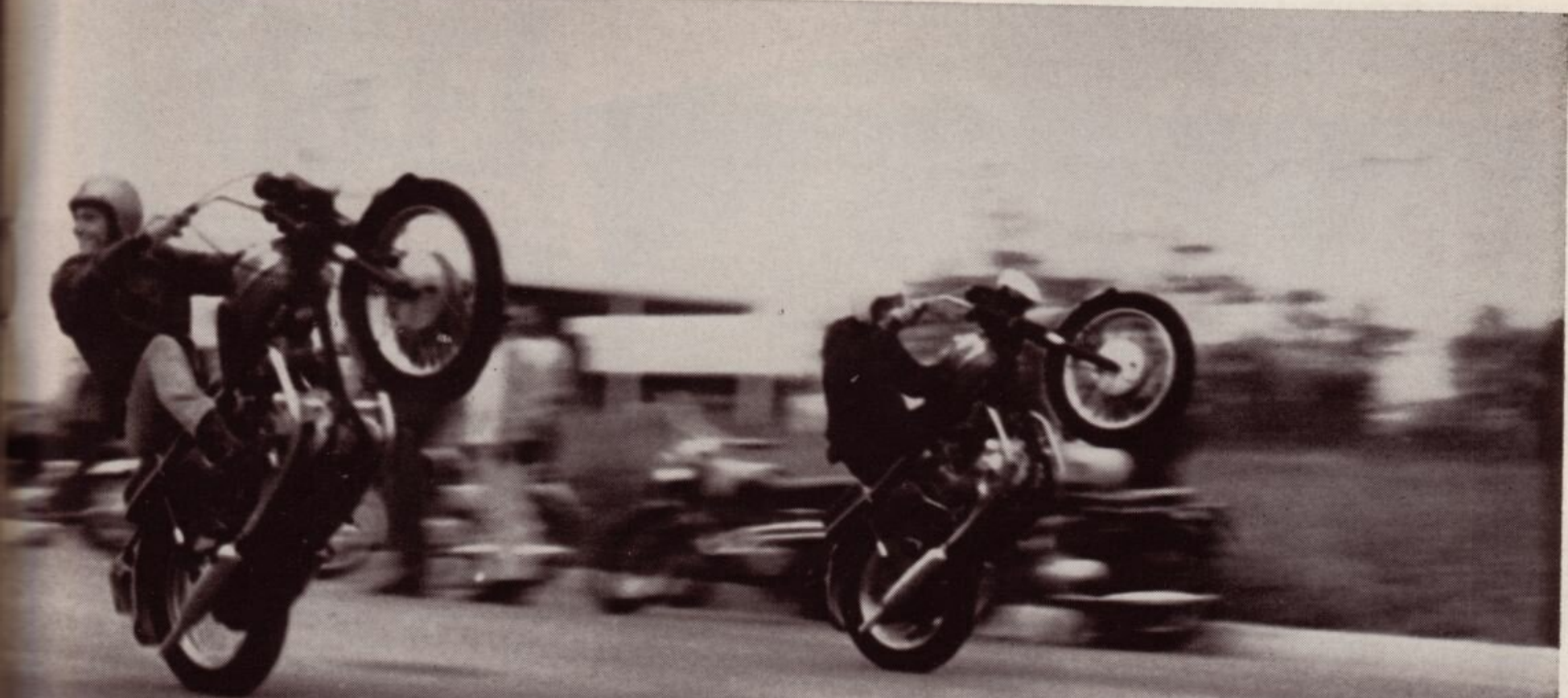
Many outlaws are able to torque their front wheels high in the air and hold them there for a hundred yards or more. The La Mirada gents can do it indefinitely at speeds ranging from almost a dead stop to as high as 80 mph. Moreover, they've added such hair-raising refinements as standing on the seat or draping both ankles over the handlebars—tricks which bring chills to



Attracting crowd of curious onlookers, Wheel Walkers proudly display their hopped-up Harleys. With performances approved by city officials, daredevils torque front wheels in air, ride along on rear wheels at speeds up to 80 mph.







experienced riders who realize the dangers involved.

When asked how long it takes an average rider to learn wheel-walking, Bill Holst, current leader of the group, replied: "It doesn't take long if the rider has the knack and the nerve. But most riders never go beyond a few yards, because when the wheel rises high enough to maintain balance, it feels like the machine is flipping backwards. This is a natural fear, and most riders can't rid themselves of it. And if you don't feather the throttle just right, you'll either drop the wheel or crash."

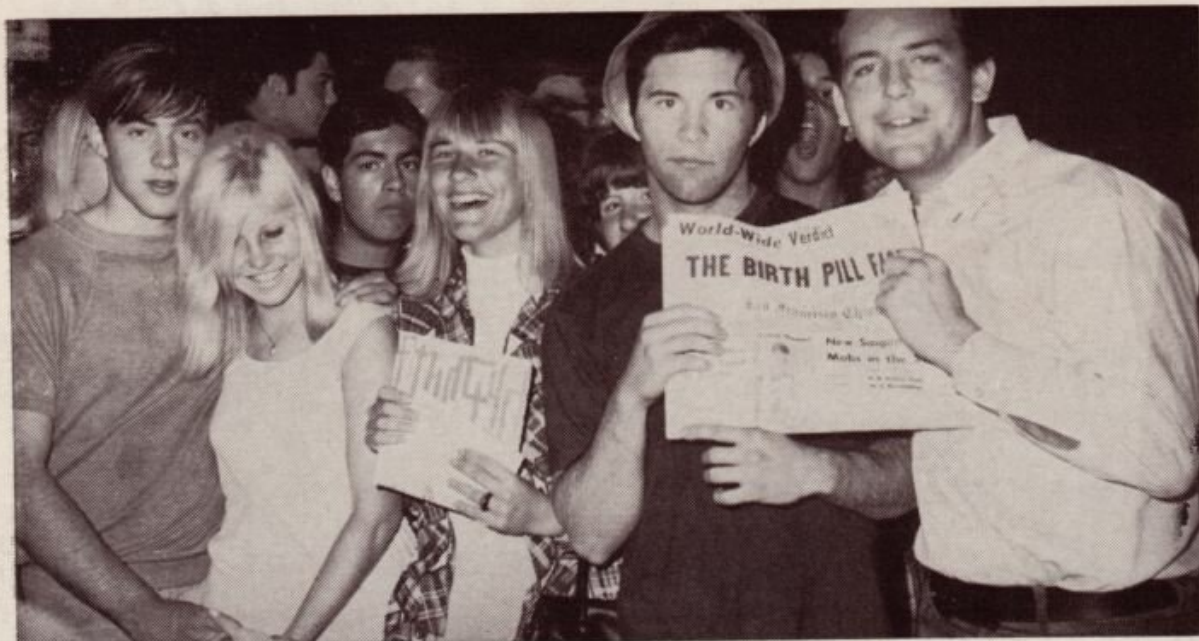
This explains why the Wheel Walkers are such an exclusive club (their membership has been as low as three and never higher than nine), even in California, where there are more motorcycles than movie stars. But then, owning a lake, so to speak, doesn't mean you can walk on water.





# youth on the make

(Continued from Page 43)



surrounding the Easter holiday, although almost any holiday finds the same type thing going on here. Easter, however, is when the big schools and universities up North let out for the spring break, and the kids descend on this town with money burning holes in their pockets, and lust for sex and booze burning away inside themselves. Last year's holiday was one of the all-time worst, as far as this town is concerned. The tensions of a long winter seemed to have turned some of these kids into animals, with inhuman passions.

The trouble starts almost as soon as the big jetliners touch ground at the airport. With the low-rate policy most airlines now run for young people, the crowds have been getting bigger every year. Within hours, every hotel is jammed. Most of the kids don't live in these hotels, though; they just register in order to have a respectable address, in case their parents check up on them. They live anywhere, most often at some rooming house near the beach and, in many cases, on the beach itself. The large majority of these people are what you'd call "floaters," especially the girls, who outnumber the guys four to one. These girls drift from one place to another, shacking up wherever convenient.

I talked with one such girl recently. A mere 18, she'd been brought to me after she was found on the street in a state of near hysteria. At the jail, she'd told the police that she'd been raped by a gang of at least a dozen boys, who'd taken turns with her, some of them coming back for seconds when the others had finished. She was a pretty girl, if you could see past the dark glasses she wore even inside my office, and I felt sorry for her.

"Why did you come here in the first place?" I asked her. "Surely you knew you were taking a chance."

She told me that she'd been told by some of her girl friends, who'd made the trip down several times before, that this was the only place to become a woman. "I thought I'd get some kicks," she said, "but I never expected something like this to happen."

"Exactly how did it happen?" I wanted to know.

The girl seemed reluctant to talk at first, but after some persuasion, she told me that she'd been picked up in the street by a passing car of boys, who invited her to a beach party. She said that when she got there, she

found half of the couples dancing nude in the sand, and the other half buried in each other. She wanted to leave when she saw what was going on, but the boys who brought her wouldn't hear of it. Finally, after a number of beers, she loosened up and accepted an invitation to go for a nude swim. When she came out, she found the rest of the crowd in an ugly mood. A number of the girls had left the party, leaving a number of boys without dates. Someone suggested that the new girl be "broken in" to the beach life. Their term for it was "pulling a train," and involved the girl having to take on one boy after another, while the others stood around and chugged beer, blowing the foam off the cans onto the struggling couple below them.

The girl didn't seem to be as innocent as she pretended to be, though, and upon further examination by a police matron, she was found to be three months pregnant. I had questioned her story from the start, because in this town, girls are a commodity that's never lacking. Because they know that there are only so many guys to go around, most of the chicks who come here will do anything short of murder to see that they don't spend the vacation knitting in their rooms. I've had boys tell me that they've had girls fight over which one of them would be the first to go to bed with them. Not which one *would*; just which one would be *first*.

During the holiday seasons, this town splits wide open. Most of the local residents take this time to find an excuse to leave town, because it really gets wild, especially at night. Those unknowing tourists who take these times as their vacation times are apt to find themselves right in the middle of an all-out orgy, which may or may not be disagreeable, depending upon who you are and if your wife's along or not. I remember a few years back when there was a particular shortage of college-age guys here for the holidays, and an overabundance of available dolls. It was a sorry sight for a few days around here. Everywhere you looked, tall beautiful girls were on the make, and no one was around to take them up on it. Then a fireman's convention hit town, and within hours, the convention as planned fell apart, while the conventioners fought raging fires of a more personal nature all around town.

Of course, it works the other way too. Just

this past year, an elderly couple from the Midwest were shocked so badly their hearing aids nearly had shorts, when the elevator in their hotel opened at their floor and they looked down on a young couple, bathing suits pushed down around their ankles, completely oblivious to what was going on around them.

Surprisingly enough, the crime rate during this time is extremely low. Aside from charges of disorderly conduct and disturbing the peace, the police books list very few crimes that you'd think would occur during such a hellish free-for-all. One exception to this happened two years ago, when a drug store was burglarized. Although there was several hundred dollars in the cash register and a large quantity of drugs within easy reach, the only items listed as missing in the police records were "eight cartons of safes." Somewhere, someone was having one hell of a party that night!

The most active spot in town is not the central district, as one might suspect. The kids don't frequent the bars, except to look for pick-ups, which are quickly removed to other locations. The most swinging area is the beach, and the board walk which rises above it. A police watch is kept on the board walk from sunset to sunrise, just to insure that a crowd of kids doesn't try to set it on fire, as nearly happened one Spring a few years back. The fire was unintentional, the participants told the police who rushed to the scene right behind the firemen. There were about forty or fifty kids involved that time and everyone was too busy with other matters to notice that their bonfire had slowly spread from its original spot to the timbers supporting the board walk. It wasn't until one couple, clad only in their birthday suits, got up to go for a swim, that the flames were noticed lapping away at the wooden supports. The firemen fought the blaze for nearly two hours, and some of the kids would have stayed where they were, doing what they were doing, if the police hadn't made them move farther on down the beach.

One officer claims that he's seen everything, after investigating a commotion that he heard coming from one of the outside phone booths located near the end of the boardwalk pier. Upon reaching the booth, the officer's disbelieving eyes found three couples practicing the old collegiate custom of phone booth stuffing, but with a new twist! He ordered them outside and, once they'd put back on their bathing suits, tried to take them to the station house. Before he had a chance to call for the paddy wagon, however, the kids split in six different directions, leaving the officer standing with his mouth open, not knowing which way to run.

There's been a lot of talk around town recently about banning the kids. But personally I don't think it's such a good idea—even if it could be done, which I doubt. Aside from the few unfortunates who get in over their heads, most of these youngsters are just working off steam before going back to either a routine job or a rugged series of exams at school. The mountains of broken beer bottles get swept away, the stains on hotel linens get boiled out, the local merchants make a neat profit, and the town discovers it has survived with less damage than it would receive from a moderate wind storm. As for saving the kids from themselves, that's something that can only be accomplished by their parents.





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# true story of hedy lamarr

(Continued from Page 7)

drama school while still in her teens. That the young star-to-be was ambitious can't be denied. She played several bit roles before consenting to do *Ecstasy*, the motion picture which was to bring her fame—and shame—throughout the decades ahead. Hedy says the film was shot near Prague from a five-page script which as she can best remember, did not originally stipulate that she—at 16—was expected to strip to the buff, romp around in the woods au naturel, and then float serenely in a secluded pool.

Although, it's true, Hedy did eventually make like an unabashed wood nymph in *Ecstasy*, it was not her uncovered cavorting which brought the wrath of censors down upon the film. Rather, according to the jurists who ruled on the propriety of the movie, it was a seduction scene in which Hedy, as the bride of an impotent old man, finally attains womanhood by succumbing to the advances of a virile engineer. The late Judge John Clark Knox ruled that *Ecstasy* was "obscene, indecent, immoral, and impure" because of the close-ups of Hedy's face during the make-believe seduction. Hedy claims the filmfare might have seemed real to movie audiences but that the so-called ecstatic expressions on her face were the result of being jabbed with a pin by the director who remained out of sight, but not out of mind. Whenever the embraces between the engineer and Hedy seemed to lose their passion, she says, the director jabbed her again with the pin. The expressions were those of agony—not ecstasy at all.

With the release of *Ecstasy* in Europe, Hedy's success was of the overnight variety. Coupled with her haunting beauty, her lithe-some figure captivated male movie-goers to the extent that she was besieged with offers, some of which were even on the square. But the man carrying the big gun for this fairest

of all starlets was munitions magnate Fritz Mandl. Mandl was a man who usually got what he went after and Hedy was no exception.

As the Viennese beauty explains, however, being the bride of such a determined individual as Mandl had its drawbacks. He was insanely jealous of her and kept her virtually under lock and key in various European mansions and villas. His very possessiveness at first frightened the captive bride, and then became a wedge between them which Hedy, in sheer desperation, sought to make permanent. Once, she said, she tried to escape from Mandl by diving from a window into a snowbank. On another occasion she submitted to a customer in an exclusive brothel while her husband searched the rest of the establishment in vain.

Hedy eventually escaped from Mandl's clutches—with her considerable cache of jewelry—and was granted a French divorce from the munitions king in Paris. While in Gay Paree, she was interviewed by U.S. film kingpin Louis B. Mayer who, on the strength of her notoriety from *Ecstasy*, signed her to a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract on one condition: She couldn't go running around in the altogether before his cameras. "We only make clean films," Mayer insisted.

Eroticisms were an integral part of Hedy's make-up. She both enjoyed and disliked sex and its ramifications. She was concerned over what she called the "smallness of my breasts," but admittedly could generate as much pure animal lust as the healthiest male whenever the mood suited her. Admittedly, Hedy could experience multiple orgasms under the right conditions, a feat that naturally would make her the envy of most other women. But sex alone does not a woman make and Hedy found this to be true in her quest for a perfect partner. Her relationships

with husbands were seldom fulfilling and never lasted very long. The ensuing separations and divorces must have embittered her as much as any or all of her discarded mates.

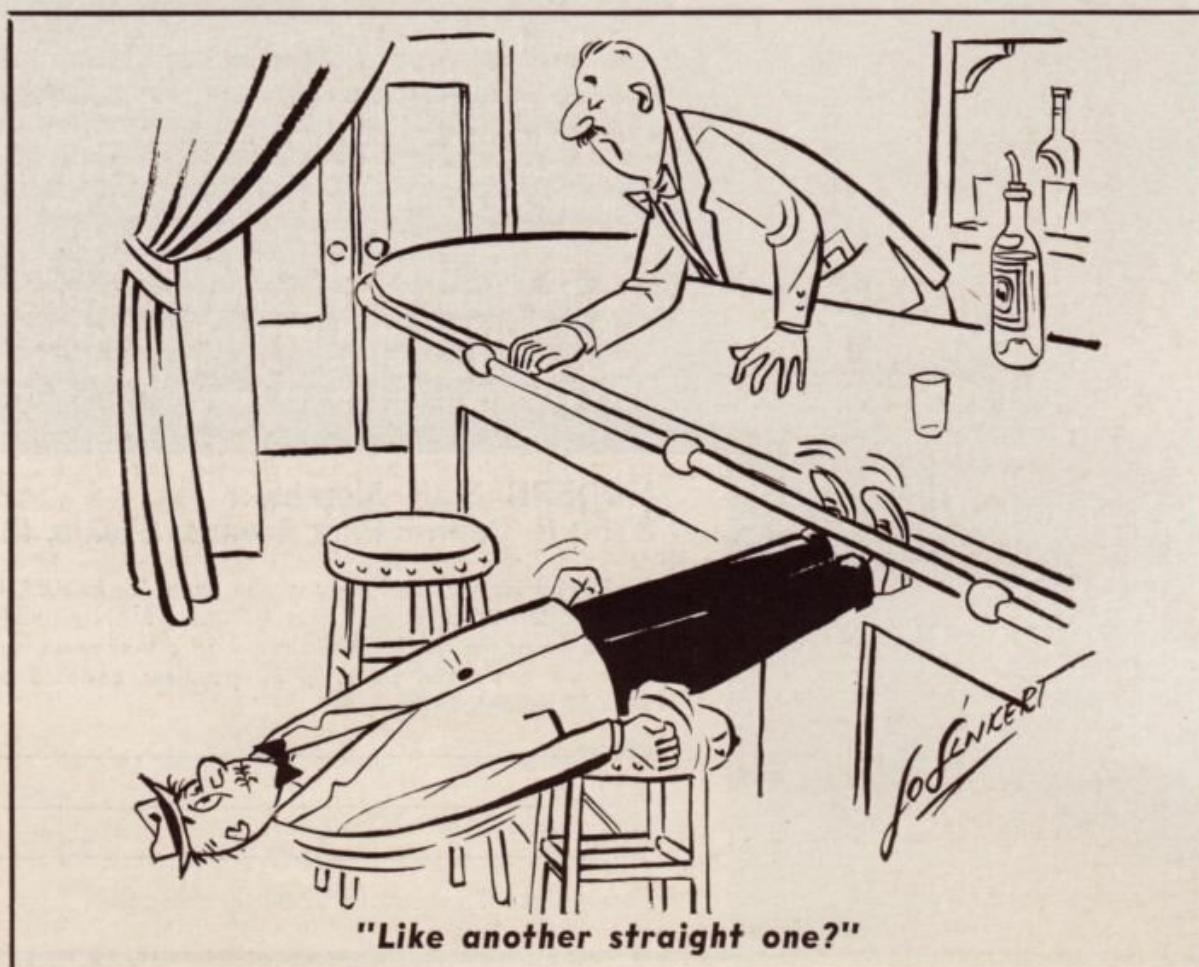
In her quest for complete satisfaction in the realm of physical relationship, Hedy's awesome beauty and strange magnetism often worked as a double-edged sword. Not only did she fascinate men in virtually endless numbers, but also women who smacked of masculine overtones and tendencies. The shadow of lesbianism dogged her footsteps on numerous occasions during her screen hey-day. Distraught by the conflicts raging in her id, the actress underwent extensive psychoanalysis, in fact actually exchanging the bed for the headshrinker's couch. But in the end it seemed the bed was to always emerge as the victor.

In her book, Hedy throws big names around with as much abandon as she conveyed when she scampered through the Austrian woodlands, bare and breath-taking, in the film, *Ecstasy*. As a reigning queen of Hollywood, she recalls, she associated with the great and near-great from far and wide—presidents and prime ministers, millionaires and the socially prominent, she knew them on a first name basis. She insists that before he was married, the late President John F. Kennedy telephoned her in Paris and asked her for a date. She told Kennedy she would be glad to oblige if he brought her some oranges (it was wartime and oranges were at a premium). According to Hedy, Kennedy showed up with the oranges, but apparently had spent most of his cash in order to purchase them. She says he had to borrow the money from her to take her out on the date. In fact, for the record, Hedy refers to Kennedy as "Jack" several times in her autobiography.

Plaudits and brickbats for her colleagues in the acting profession are another hallmark of Hedy Lamarr at 52. Of comedian Bob Hope, she says, "He is the only man I have ever met who I am never quite sure is on the make or not." She lavishly praises such friends as Judy Garland, the late Errol Flynn (of in-like-Flynn fame), Frank Sinatra, Mickey Rooney, Mia Farrow, Lucille Ball, and strongman-actor Mickey Hargitay, one of Jayne Mansfield's former mates. But she has little admiration for Ingrid Bergman, movie magnate Jack Warner, and the perennial Bing Crosby. Also given the Lamarr lash are an assortment of sexually-maladjusted males, her ex-lovers, and, last but not least, her one-time husbands.

Needless to say, Hedy was never a serious contender for critical accolades during her movie-making career but she did a fairly creditable job in such films as *Algiers*, *Samson and Delilah*, *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, *Boom Town*, *Ziegfeld Girl*, *White Cargo*, and *The Strange Woman*. With Hedy, the key to cinema success was her sex appeal, not her thespian abilities. She was a woman to watch, to study visually, to enjoy, regardless of dialogue and all the rudiments of stage business. She could electrify male movie-goers more with a yawn than other actresses could with petulant lips, low bodices, and husky, impassioned whispers.

Hedy's second husband was scriptwriter Gene Markey who enjoyed being married to actresses. His first wife had been Joan Bennett. Hedy and Markey married on the spur of the moment in the rowdy Mexican border



"Like another straight one?"



town of Tijuana. They consummated marriage on a whim, an impulse, and it ended almost as abruptly as it was performed. "The ceremony took six minutes," Hedy recalls. "The marriage lasted about the same amount of time, although we didn't get a divorce for almost a year."

Number three on the star's marital totem pole was English actor John Loder, a pipe-smoking, self-made man whose prowess in bed, according to Hedy, was not only remarkable but tiring. Loder, she says, boasted of being able to make love 19 times on any given week end.

Husband number four was hotelman Teddy Stauffer who promised Hedy a paradise-on-earth in Acapulco, but paradise turned into hell and within less than a year another Lamarr marriage was on the rocks. Hedy headed for the Continent and, upon her return to Paris, became involved with actor Jean-Pierre Aumont, in those days something of a box office king himself, at least so far as France was concerned. The romance cooled, however, when Hedy tried explaining her latest infatuation with her psychiatrist who convinced her that "in a way I really had a kind of nymphomania."

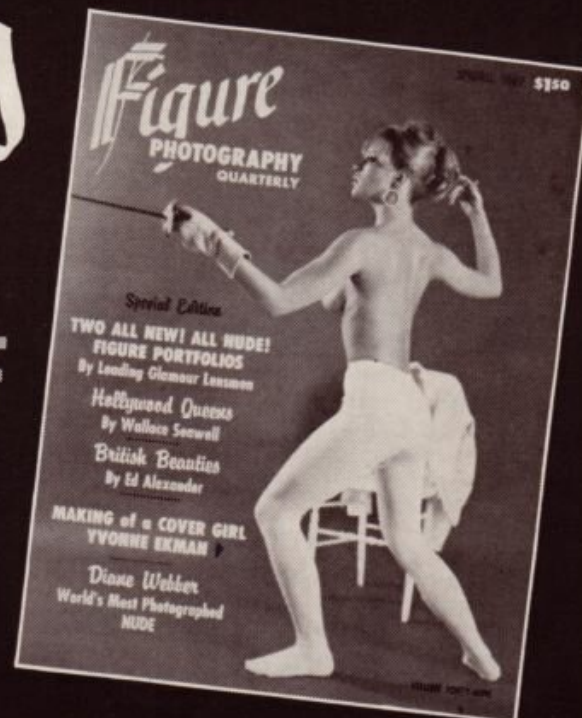
While negotiating for some Texas capital with which to back personal film ventures, Hedy met—and married—oilman Howard Lee of Houston. This union, strangely enough, lasted six years and Hedy found herself a leader in Houston society, the multi-million dollar class of society at that. Living among the Texas elite wasn't what it was cracked up to be, Hedy was soon to discover. Lee, she claims, had little taste for clothes and the gentler pursuits of the rich such as good music, books, and art. Finally, Hedy admits, he did master the chessboard and could take a smattering of music occasionally. But by then Hedy had grown tired of it all. They were divorced in 1960.

Following the adage of jumping out of the frying pan into the fire, Hedy wasted little time before getting hitched again. In fact, her next matrimonial venture was with one of the lawyers who represented her in the Lee divorce proceedings, Louis J. Boies. As Hedy puts it, Boies suddenly began begging her to go to the altar with him. But she didn't want to—"I wasn't emotionally geared for marriage anymore," she recalls. However, so her version of the story goes, she was tremendously impressed with his masculinity on a memorable evening and sensed his need for her. "Wow," is her description of that need. The couple's brief fling at wedded bliss began to wane when Hedy discovered that barristers sometimes talk too much in bed. "He liked to talk in bed," she explains, "and I like to sleep, at least part of the time. For two years, I got very little sleep while he talked football—his favorite subject—and law." They were divorced in 1965 when Hedy charged that she had spent half a million dollars on Boies and that as her reward, Boies threatened to beat her with a baseball bat.

About that shoplifting charge in Los Angeles a year or so ago, Hedy wraps up her memoirs with a detailed defense of herself (she was acquitted by a jury after five hours of deliberation, and promptly sued the store). With her acquittal and the publication of *Ecstasy and Me*, Hedy again emerges as a lady to be reckoned with, even by Hollywood's bizarre standards.



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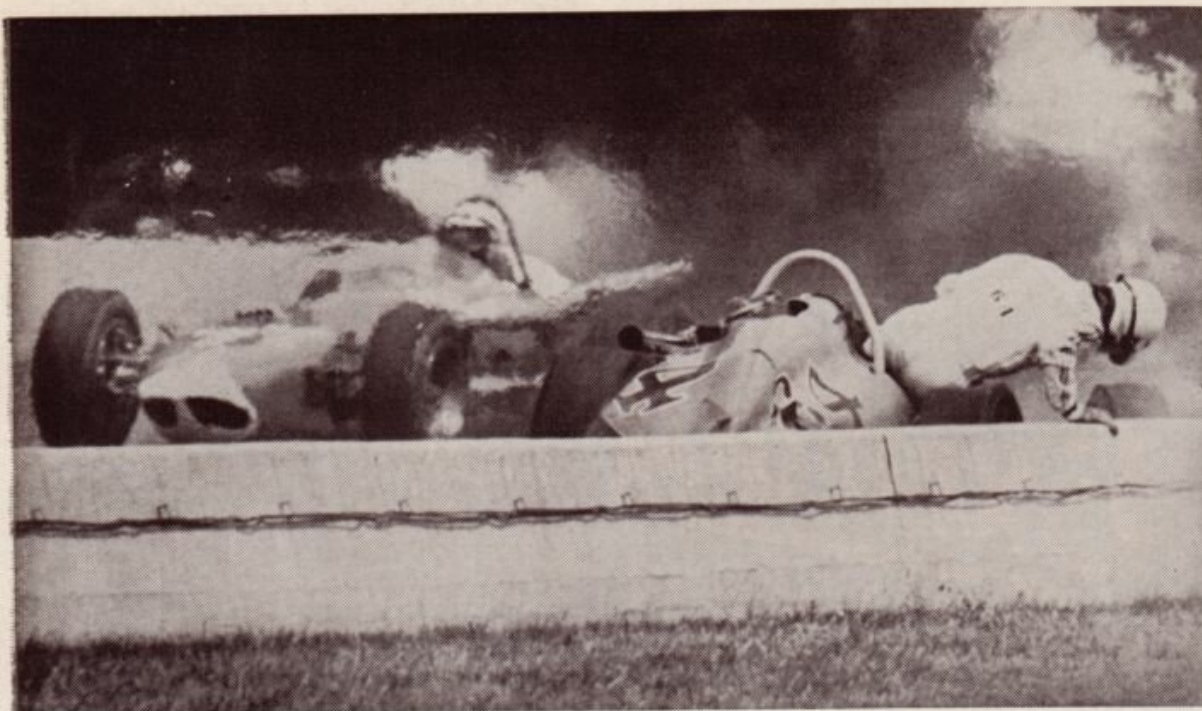
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## are race drivers fearless?

(Continued from Page 27)

his face. Talking about driving seemed to take his mind off his problems.

"When you're in a race, you're mostly thinking about what the car is doing," he said. He speaks slowly, softly, selects every word.

"A driver always has his mind on what the car is doing."

"Suppose there's an . . . incident on the track?" I asked. You don't get more specific with a race driver, not superstitious Grand Prix drivers, not before a race.

"Well, you slow the car down, to avoid the incident." He paused, turned to watch a racer whiz by. "You do your best."

"How much of a factor is speed in winning?" I asked the man who'd whirled around this track at an average of 145.339 during the First Mexican Grand Prix.

"Speed has nothing at all to do with it. There are far too many people who put too much emphasis on speed."

What he was getting at is the fact that a car, and the skilled driver married to it, are what count during the long, rugged laps of a dangerous race. If the car isn't perfect and the driver doesn't have the kind of artistic sensitivity needed to negotiate curves, dips, and bends with brakes and steering, then he'll never pull the checkered flag down first.

Switzerland's Joseph Siffert puts it this way: "There are people who win—who succeed in a race—and people who don't. It's all a question of reflexes. Concentration. The driver who is successful is the one who can combine all the different qualities that make a driver."

Siffert doesn't mind pushing his car at more than double the speed of freeway limits. The risk he takes when he floors the accelerator doesn't bother him. "If a race driver didn't like going at those speeds, he wouldn't drive, would he?"

The moment when a driver stops to think—about all the things that might happen—comes before the race, when he's getting into the car. Once in that cockpit, with a handkerchief wrapped around his face, helmet snug and hands busy on the controls, the race driver's mind and body are fused with the machine. Driving better—and faster—than anyone else is his only thought.

But before that glorious moment when he feels the wheels grab the cement, there's time to think about other things. He can recall, as one Italian ex-driver did, that time long ago when his best friend spun out in front of him, crashed, and went sailing onto the grass as his car spurt flames. The image of that friend's body lying there always seared his thoughts as he walked to his car. And he never forgot his wife's plea that same afternoon to quit racing.

But that's before the race.

"One has so many incidents in one's driving that if you started to get worried about all of them you'd be a nervous wreck," comments Innes Ireland, who's as tough inside as his leathery wind-burned face.

"You're trying to avoid whatever situation has just arisen in front of you and all the movements you make—of the controls, you know—like the brakes and the steering wheel and so forth—they all should be an inbred, automatic reaction."

He likes to sit leaning forward, his hands together, when he talks. "You know, afterwards, it would be very difficult to actually explain what had happened at the time—or what you'd done to avoid the accident. Afterwards there is some sense of relief, but I don't think it plays on the mind."

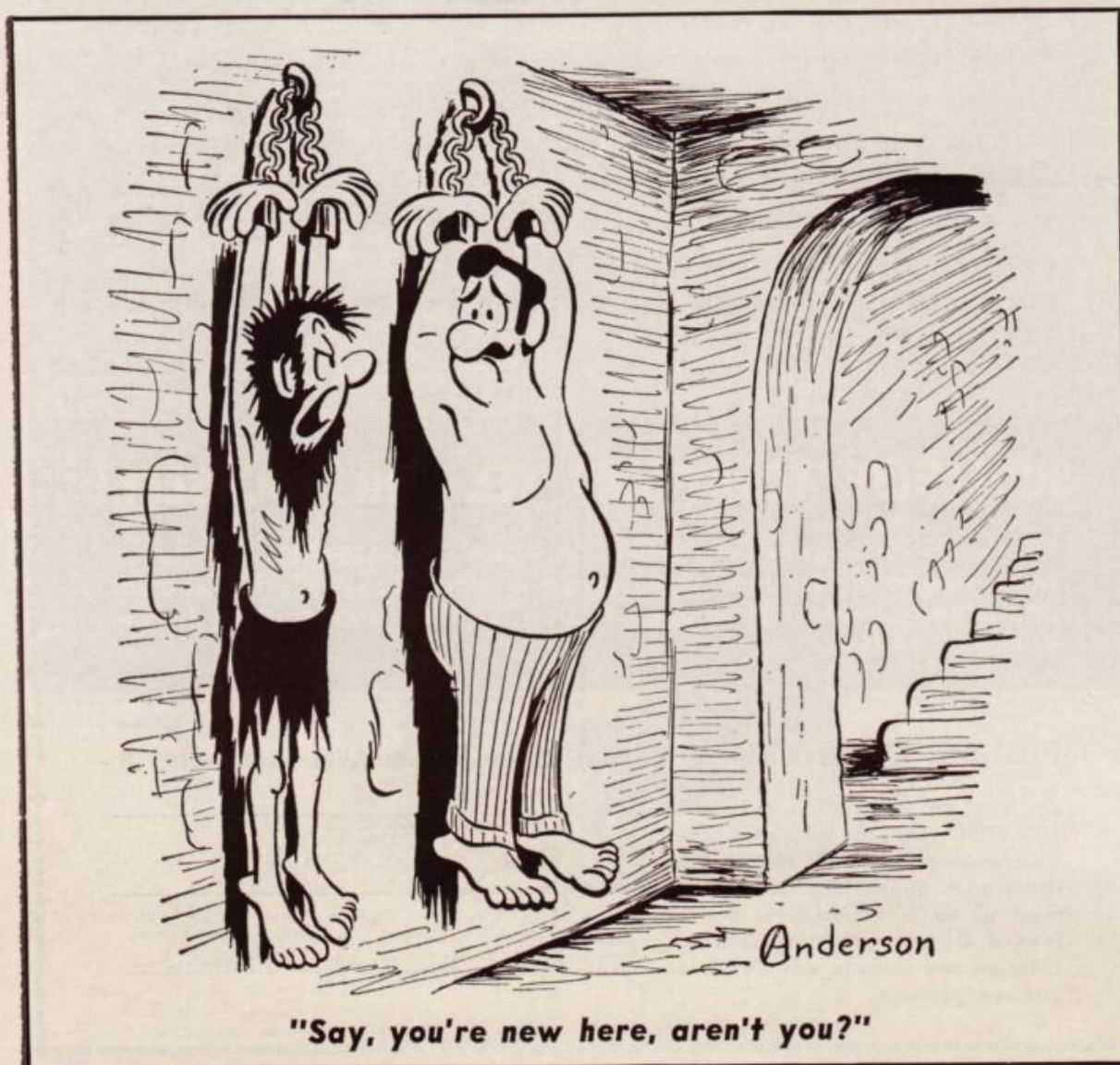
Ireland tells you experience is the secret out there on the race track during any Grand Prix. "There are lots of occasions when you might be in a tight spot and experience gets you out of it. I might get away with it where a newer or younger driver wouldn't."

It was late in the afternoon, now, and the sun had found a place behind the stands on the other side of the track. Ireland revealed one of the tricks he's learned.

"You're sitting behind somebody and you're going fairly competitive. You can sort of worry him a little and keep making him look in his mirror. Eventually he might miss a gear or do something where you can get by. Or he might just pull over and let you by."

The unexpected isn't always a crash or a near miss. Other things crop up, things a driver can't prepare for.

"Yesterday, I was coming around this very, very fast corner at the back of the circuit," Ireland recalled, "fairly well in excess of a hundred miles an hour. A dog ran across in front of the track. If it had kept going, run-



"Say, you're new here, aren't you?"



ning out in front of me, if it had kept going, I'd have missed it."

This was one of those dangerous moments. It could have meant disaster.

"I knew I couldn't swerve because there was another car following close behind me. So I just put the brakes on. Unfortunately, the dog stopped halfway across the way and ran back into me. Right down along the side of the wall."

Ireland didn't pause as he told me about the incident. It was just another moment when a driver faced a test. But on a race track failure to pass the test could mean injury. Or death. For himself and perhaps others.

"So I kept the car pointed straight. In a circumstance like that, an inexperienced driver might have tried to swerve or do something silly. He'd have spun the car and finished up hitting a wall."

I admired his cold-blooded attitude toward the incident. I wanted to know what a race driver thinks about in a moment when fear or panic could end it all faster than he could snap his fingers.

"You've got to concentrate on your braking effort. Keep the car straight, keep it under control. In a moment like that your only thought is to get the car stopped." We were interrupted as a nearby Honda revved up, washing bushels of blue smoke into Ireland's pit. When the Honda finally zipped back onto the track, Ireland continued.

"You're very likely to overbrake the car and lock up the wheels or something like that. All you really concentrate on is the balance between direction and braking effect, in an occasion like that."

On Sunday afternoon the President of the United Mexican States, Lic. Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, was on hand for the opening of Mexico's Fifth Grand Prix. He shook hands with all the drivers, saying a gracious word to many, then took his seat. After the drag races and other preliminary events were out of the way, the drivers, very quietly, moved out.

The sun was brilliant, a breeze tickled the blades of grass along the track, swayed the palm leaves, and cooled nerves. Nearly 120,000 people were chattering, munching sandwiches, listening to pre-race commentary on transistor radios or just staring at the strip of asphalt nearby where skill and the car, as Jack Brabham told me, would make the difference. That asphalt strip where, according to the drivers who've been there, fear, panic and tension are left behind when the engine roars and the wheels grip.

At twenty five minutes after two the cars slipped into position. Photographers skipped nimbly through the maze of racers lined up, snapping final shots. Officials shooed us off the track, then everything was quiet.

For an instant I wondered—and I feel every person there did, too—if all the cars would return to their pits in the same sparkling condition in which they'd left. Sixty-five laps later we all would know.

England's John Surtees slid into the lead at the start of the sixth lap. He averaged 154.042 kilometers per hour, setting a record. He finished the race in two hours, six minutes and 35.34 seconds, breaking both marks set by 1965 winner Richie Ginther, who finished fourth this year.

Surtees, driving a Cooper-Maserati, outdistanced everyone in the field except Jack

Brabham. The Australian pursued Surtees for 60 laps.

Ginther, starting from number three position, took over the lead on the first lap. But Brabham passed him on the second lap and Ginther fell back into seventh place by the time a third of the race was over.

As I watched Brabham chase Surtees on every lap, whizzing by the stands at stunning speeds, I recalled his comment to me at a cocktail party in his honor several nights before.

"Writers just don't understand this thing about a race driver and fear," Jack said in his mild, quiet voice. "I'd rather not talk about death on the race track. I think it's morbid."

And the day before, when I'd approached Graham Hill, world champion in 1962, I already knew his penchant for releasing his tension on reporters.

"It's bloody rude to ask," the Englishman snapped. "I don't want to talk about it now. You'd better come back later."

Hill came into the pits on the 17th lap, replaced his spark plugs, but the race was over for him three laps later. His whole manner changed once he was out of it. He was pleasant, joked with admirers, and kissed all three of the beauties surrounding him. He talked about his new interest, flying. He'd flown down to Mexico from the States, piloting the plane himself. "It's a completely different sensation," he said as he flapped his arms and smiled broadly. "You can't compare it with driving."

As the cars swished past the stands, I recalled some of the comments on the feeling a driver has when traveling at those fantastic speeds.

"You don't notice the speed at all," Ronnie Bucknam said the day before. "You're concerned with so many things on the car that you really don't notice—your mind is so occupied. A hundred miles an hour or two hundred miles an hour doesn't make much difference."

I asked him if he felt any fear at those speeds. "I think that if you felt any fear you wouldn't be able to do it. There's no fear involved."

Dan Gurney, tall, rugged, and as handsome as an advertising model, said, "Speed is only relative. You're not conscious of the speed. You're conscious of trying to get the car around the corner in the best possible way. When you've done a corner right you can feel it. It's just like hitting a high note or a proper stroke of a brush or something like that. Until you get this feeling you know you're not really going fast."

Gurney is thinking about one thing when he's driving. And it's not his emotions. "You're concentrating on what you're doing, you're not thinking about what you're feeling. The closer you are to the limit, the more intense your concentration must be. On every lap you try to apply every bit of skill you can." He finished fifth in the race that day.

Innes Ireland is much more aware of the sensation of speed. "It is very exhilarating, of course, but really the exhilaration comes in on the corners. You can be just as exhilarated in a 60 mile corner as you can in a 150 mile corner. At Le Mans we go down the straight at 205 miles an hour. I couldn't tell the difference between 205 and 140."

(Continued on Next Page)

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## fearless racers

(Continued from Page 61)

I saw a card with 34 on it go up on the tower, indicating the lap number. The leader hadn't changed. Then Joseph Siffert came in, through for the day. Ireland had already come in. He'd run out of oil on the 30th and had to get behind his racer and push it off the track and into the pit area.

There was a total change in every driver once the tension was over. They were relaxed, cheerful, and for the first time, it seemed, enjoying the race. As spectators. The heat was off. They were no longer digits in the odds, numbers on the tower. They were no longer taking a chance.

Joachim Bonnier, who finished sixth, had spoken frankly about the risks in racing the day before. "Racing is dangerous, there's no question about it. Driving on a freeway is dangerous, too. I don't have a moment of panic when I see a car spin," the tall, husky Swedish driver continued in his powerful voice. "Racing is dangerous from the point of view that something unexpected could happen. I drive according to my ability and that way I feel safe."

Ronnie Bucknam roared into the pits at the 44th lap to change his battery. Two laps later he was back, but the replacement battery gave him trouble, too. He stayed in, but you could see him slapping his car from time to time. Pedro Rodriguez dropped out at lap 49.

By that time everyone knew that unless Surtees had mechanical trouble, the biggest bug in any Grand Prix, he'd cross the black and white squares, where it says *Meta*, first that afternoon.

And his Cooper-Maserati clicked. The same way that gutsy, sincere, stocky blond from England clicks when he gets his strong hands on the wheel.

Surtees seemed quite relaxed that afternoon as he acknowledged the cheers and applause from his perch in the center of the crowd and claimed his victory kisses. Victory had come easily—this time.

As I watched the celebration, I recalled our conversation the day before, when he was preoccupied with the aches and pains of his preparations for the race.

"In the unexpected situation," John Surtees explained, "experience gives you some idea of what is going to happen. If something unexpected happens, you're right on top of it. But, given a bit of room, you generally can do something about avoiding it, becoming involved."

"I think you do have a moment of panic," he continued, "if something happens and you know it's going to be pretty difficult to avoid it. I don't think about becoming involved myself. Not while it's happening. I'm too busy trying to control my own problems, trying to avoid running into anything. Running off the road."

Experience, a cracking good car, and a chance to shift skill and cleverness into high gear are the elements of a successful champion race driver. Are race drivers fearless? Let John Surtees sum it up:

"If you don't hit anything, you say thank God afterwards. That's about all there is to it."







## snafu air war in vietnam

(Continued from Page 10)

the pinpoint bombing required in the North, the U.S. is forced to depend upon small fighter-bombers like Republic's F-105 Thunderchief, which has no self-sealing fuel tanks and no armor plate. But it can carry an incredible load of 26 bombs, weighing 565 pounds each, at speeds of Mach-2 (twice the speed of sound), and can achieve altitudes of 52,000 feet. For most of its bombing runs, however, the Thunderchief is forced to come in low, at reduced speeds, and expose itself to murderous ground fire.

Consider the bombing of a bridge: From the air, the target looks like a pencil. It is extremely sturdy and fireproof, so that rockets, napalm, and incendiary bombs won't even mar it. It has to be attacked with high explosives and it must receive a direct hit, which can be accomplished only by a low-level pass directly overhead. The enemy is well aware of these facts and has ringed his important bridges with heavy gun emplacements and batteries of SAMs (surface-to-air missiles). Swooping down into that barrage of metallic rain is about the toughest kind of air combat there is.

Captain Jim Mitchess, an F-105 pilot, described the experience to Frank Harvey in an article on Vietnam in the November, 1966, issue of *Flying* magazine: "It's a very scary place up there over the Red River. I'm hyperventilating when I come into the target area. The excitement is something I can't even begin to describe. It is the most exciting thing I guess a human being could experience, diving through the flak at a target. It's best if you have the lead, because you don't see the stuff that is bursting behind you. It seems relatively safe—until you get hit. But it looks pretty bad to the number two man. He's flying down into all those big red explosions that missed the leader. The sky seems so full of it you couldn't possibly escape."

Returning from a recent mission over Namdinh in the North, Navy Squadron 35's ace flyer Lieut. Comdr. Eugene McDaniel landed his A-6 Intruder on the deck of the carrier Enterprise glad to be alive. He and his bombardier-navigator Lieut. Kelly Patterson had been over their target—a small petroleum storage area—for only four minutes, but while they were there, 500 anti-aircraft guns and six missiles had cut loose on them.

McDaniel saved the plane—and their lives—by resorting to "extreme jinking"—that is, violent evasive maneuvers which repeatedly brought his A-6 within a few hundred feet

of the ground. Commented Patterson: "They threw up more steel tonight than we dropped on them."

Namdinh is considered an especially difficult run to make. "The night before," Lieut. Patterson added, "you can't sleep, you can't eat, your bladder's always full, your mouth is dry. McDaniel pants like a puppy everytime we get near the place. I guess you'd say it's a tough target."

North Vietnam's anti-aircraft defenses are one of the unwelcome surprises of the war, even though Ho Chi Minh's surface-to-air missiles have not been as conspicuous in bringing down aircraft as they might be. With 120 to 150 SAM sites in the North, they have been officially credited with only 31 kills—chiefly because they're designed for high-altitude interception, and most U.S. fighter-bomber attacks are at low levels.

On the other hand, the enemy's 6500 conventional anti-aircraft guns—of which approximately 1200 use radar-directed fire—are devastatingly accurate.

Furthermore, even a pistol fired from the ground can be a potent anti-aircraft weapon, as one Marine officer explained to Frank Harvey: "The small arms fire—everything from rifles to 12.7mm automatic weapons—is deadly. You can't see where it's coming from, and the amount of metal they can throw up over a target is so great, it's just bound to hit something. The enemy knows that to hit with any accuracy, we've got to come in fairly low and right over the target. So every troop in the area just fires whatever he's got straight up into the air. It makes for quite a barrage and they've been very successful at it."

Or, as Air Force Maj. Edward E. Williams, a tough pilot who has bombed North Vietnam targets many times, describes it: "Every farmer over there, I bet, has a pistol or rifle."

Even in the South, although it occurs with much less frequency, a low-flying jet can be downed by small arms fire. Take the instance of Air Force Lieut. Wilson H. Hepler, who set out from Tuyhoa in his F-100 Supersabre on a routine bombing mission over the Iron Triangle. Arriving over his target, identified by a thin wisp of gray smoke, he dived low over it, discharging containers of napalm. Then he circled back and dived again, depositing a pair of 500-pound bombs right on target. Then he headed home with the other planes of his flight.

(Continued on Next Page)

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## snafu air war

(Continued from Page 63)

About 25 miles away from his field in Tuy-hoa, while Hepler was cruising peacefully at 20,000 feet, three explosions suddenly ripped through the engine, shaking the plane violently. Then the engine went dead. By punching the start button, Hepler was able to bring it back into intermittent operation, but he was losing altitude dangerously fast.

At 800 feet, considerably less than the prescribed safety minimum of 2000 feet for bailing out, Hepler radioed his flight leader, "I'm not going to make it!"

"Bail out!" came the reply.

Hepler immediately ejected himself from the plane and by a miracle floated down to earth without injury. About ten seconds later, the plane exploded at 50 feet above the ground.

Neither Hepler nor anyone else could figure out what had happened to the Super-sabre's engine to make it konk out so suddenly. Subsequently, however, a detailed inspection of the jet by a team of experts uncovered the fact that three bullets (costing a few pennies) had pierced the engine of the plane (valued at \$2,500,000), destroying it.

In South Vietnam, generally, the facts of air warfare are quite different from those of the North—or the "out-country" as the pilots call it—but just as SNAFU. For, hidden beneath some of the thickest, densest jungle in the world, the Viet Cong operates completely sheltered from air view. Obviously, under such circumstances, random bombing offers limited opportunities for a successful strike, for no high-flying, speedy jet stands a chance of spotting anything through that blanket of foliage. Which is why the plane chosen to ferret out Charlie Cong in his hide-out is the Cessna 0-1 Bird Dog. Lightweight and maneuverable, this little craft can carry a crew of two, range up to 500 miles in distance, and break 100 mph in speed. In this craft a Forward Air Controller (FAC) spends hour after hour circling over a limited area of thick jungle studying and re-studying the terrain for tell-tale signs of Viet Cong concentrations.

The ability to see such a concentration, in itself, requires a great deal of training and experience. For the average man could spend all day flying right over a major Viet Cong infrastructure without seeing a thing, while the "Cong-eyed" FAC can read the movement of heavy foliage like a book.

Once the FAC does pinpoint a worthwhile target, his job has only begun. He must then guide bombers called out from air fields or carrier stations at sea to the target, instruct them where to lay their eggs, and correct any errors of marksmanship.

Because of his role in calling out strikes, and because his presence often heralds a devastating air raid, the FAC is the most hated of all men by the VC. He is also the easiest target to shoot down, and when that happens, if he can't elude the Viet Cong, he may as well use his suicide kit. That way, he dies only once. If the Cong lay their hands on him, he dies a thousand deaths.

Planes in South Vietnam work very closely with the fighting troops on the ground, for air support frequently means the difference between survival and destruction, when

Americans are surrounded by an enemy that knows that jungle like the palm of his hand. In such situations, low-altitude bombing of the enemy is the only way to break the grip of his iron ring of encirclement.

Occasionally, however, thanks to the peculiar conditions of fighting in Vietnam, the planes that roar in low to punch holes in the enemy's defense unload their eggs on the very GIs they are trying to help. As one Marine lieutenant told Frank Harvey, "This is the kind of war where a ground element can be moved into an area by helicopter, and in ten minutes be surrounded. Then they need you bad, and—real quick—you're right in there with them. But, as I said, you've got to be very accurate."

There was a case not long ago of a relief support strike delivered by a flight of F-4 Cs that was 50 yards off in its drop. Result: 60 dead and wounded U.S. soldiers.

But you can't blame the flyers for that sort of tragic accident—it's unavoidable in a SNAFU war where the opposing forces are sometimes only 25 yards apart.

By and large, the air support given ground troops has been extremely successful in breaking the back of enemy assaults. And the F-4C fighter-bomber, made by McDonnell, is the ideal plane to do it. Dubbed the Phantom II, it is the world's fastest tactical fighter, yet it carries twice the egg load of the famous World War II B-17 bomber, plus a wide variety of armament, including air-to-air missiles and multiple rocket-launching pods.

Another problem that gives U.S. airmen in South Vietnam nightmares is one that doesn't usually affect the man who roams the skies. It's the accidental killing of civilians that sometimes occurs in the bombing of Viet Cong villages.

In past wars—and over North Vietnam in this one—the combat airman has not been too much concerned with moral problems. Flying high and fast over the target area, he never knows what really happens when his bombs explode. In South Vietnam, however, planes are often called in to destroy villages suspected of harboring Viet Cong guerillas, which occasionally turn out also to contain old men, women, and children. When that happens, the FAC who has called the strike, and watches its effect, and the pilot who comes screaming in over the village dropping napalm, bombs, rockets, and hot lead in several passes, feel the full weight of agonizing responsibility for the terrible loss of innocent human life, even though it is an unavoidable side effect of the peculiar war in Vietnam, where the Viet Cong often use civilians to shield themselves.

The effects of such raids are pretty ghastly because of the ammunition used to pulverize the village.

Napalm is a staple of such bombing missions. The jellied gasoline is dropped in aluminum tanks. On hitting the ground a white phosphorous fuse lights the stuff, and it spatters around the surrounding area, searing bodies and hootches (GI slang for huts) to a crisp.

Also used extensively are cluster-ball units (CBU). Each of these ingenious bombs consists of a large number of ball-like explosives packaged in a container—known as the "mother"—which is dropped from a plane. Just before hitting the ground, "mother"



breaks apart, and the "kids" are scattered about, each one timed to explode separately like Contac pills. They are particularly devastating to enemy personnel.

In addition, Zuni 5" ballistics, 2.75 folding-fin rockets, and Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles are thrown at the enemy in order to paralyze his fighting ability. Last, but not least, each fighter-bomber discharges death from its 20mm cannons or 50-caliber machine guns.

After unloading all that hell on a village that suddenly turns out to be inhabited by civilians, and watching them killed and maimed horribly, a number of airmen have had to be relieved from duty because they could not overcome their feelings of guilt, or face the possibility of repeating the carnage elsewhere.

Still another way of rooting out "Charles Baby" in the South is by means of the trusty "Hog"—Bell's UH-1b turbine-powered Iroquois gunship helicopter, also known as "Huey." Lazily hovering over the dense jungle vegetation of South Vietnam, this heavily armed chopper can make mincemeat out of enemy ground troops it flushes out of the brush, or can obliterate any Viet Cong hootch. And no wonder, when you consider the armament it carries: four fixed 50-caliber machine guns; two flexible-mounted 50-caliber fired by door gunners; pods of 2.75 HVAR rockets on both sides of the door; and an M-5 device that hurls a large number of 40mm grenades per minute on the enemy. When all that gear goes off at the same time, the noise is enough to leave your ears ringing for hours.

Of course, plenty of ammo is often wasted in this kind of Cong hunt, because you can't always be sure that the movement of brush really means that the area is infested by the enemy; or else you end up using enough fire power to destroy a company while killing only one or two guerrillas.

Then, too, the helicopter itself offers an inviting target to ground fire, although the air force claims that the chopper is not as vulnerable as many people think it is.

On that subject, USAS Brig. Gen. Thruston T. Paul commented recently: "A lot of military men had misgivings about the vulnerability of choppers. An agreeable surprise is the remarkably low rate of combat losses to date. In a million and a half sorties in Vietnam, ground fire has claimed less than one per 18,000 sorties. This figure is for helicopters destroyed. Lots more have been damaged, and even brought down, but recovered and repaired to fly again."

The crux of the matter, however, is the question of what constitutes vulnerability. For it would seem reasonable to assume that if helicopters can be brought down in large numbers, they are vulnerable as hell, regardless of whether the choppers that are knocked out can later be put back into operation.

Helicopters also work closely with ground troops. Lightly armed versions of the Hog  
(Continued on Next Page)



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We know as a matter of common experience that all persons do not find the same objects beautiful. What pleases some fails to please others. This is sometimes taken to mean that beauty exists only in the eye of the beholder.

A continual negative response toward the undraped female form would indicate that a concept of lewdness is an attitude, not a condition. It is a state of mind, not a state of body. It is a subjective feeling, not an objective situation.

Beauty has both a subjective and an objective aspect. Objectively, the esthetic pleasure certain objects give us is related to the intrinsic excellence in the objects themselves.

One of the subjective aspects of beauty is that which pleases us upon being seen. In this statement, the word "seen" does not refer to seeing with the eyes. It refers to vision with the mind—a kind of intuitive apprehension of the individual object which is being contemplated or experienced esthetically. The satisfaction or pleasure that the beautiful object gives us lies in its knowability—in the fact that it is so constituted that we are able to apprehend it in its unique individuality.

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## snafu air war

(Continued from Page 65)

chopper, called "Slicks," transport and evacuate small numbers of infantrymen, while to handle the ferrying of heavy supplies, or large groups of men and equipment, the Army uses the CH-47 twin-turbine "Chinook," a rugged copter that plays an essential role in keeping troops in the field supplied with adequate fire power.

In such support missions, of course, the helicopters move slowly over troops trading lead and separated by very small distances. That situation makes them sitting ducks for black-suited Viet Cong riflemen.

In spite of the extreme hazards of flight duty over both South and North Vietnam, the U.S. has flown an incredible number of sorties. According to the Pentagon, the weight of bombs dropped on North Vietnam alone is in excess of 300,000 tons.

Harrison Salisbury, an assistant editor of the New York Times, who visited Hanoi, reports that the tonnage of bombs dropped is "a high figure in relation to the kinds of targets attacked. North Vietnam is not a built-up, industrialized nation. It is essentially a peasant country. Most of its people are peasants and they live in poor villages. Even if every town in the country were destroyed, the total urban destroyed area would hardly equal that of one big German industrial target of World War II.

"Based on cost calculation, it seems likely that bomb expenditure per enemy soldier killed or enemy installation destroyed must run higher than in any previous war."

It has become almost impossible to walk anywhere in North Vietnam without stumbling over pieces of U.S. bombs and rockets.

As Salisbury says, "So many American bombs of all types have fallen on North Vietnam that collections are found almost everywhere. They are to be seen in peasant cottages and in government offices. The metal from downed American planes is beginning to be put to a variety of uses. At first it was

largely used for souvenir cigarette cases, lighters, and rings. Now it's beginning to turn up fashioned into kitchen articles and surgical instruments.

"One Hanoi resident commented on the American bombing that 'when the war is over, the North Vietnamese will have the foundation of a good little steel industry. They will have more scrap iron available than any other Asian country.'"

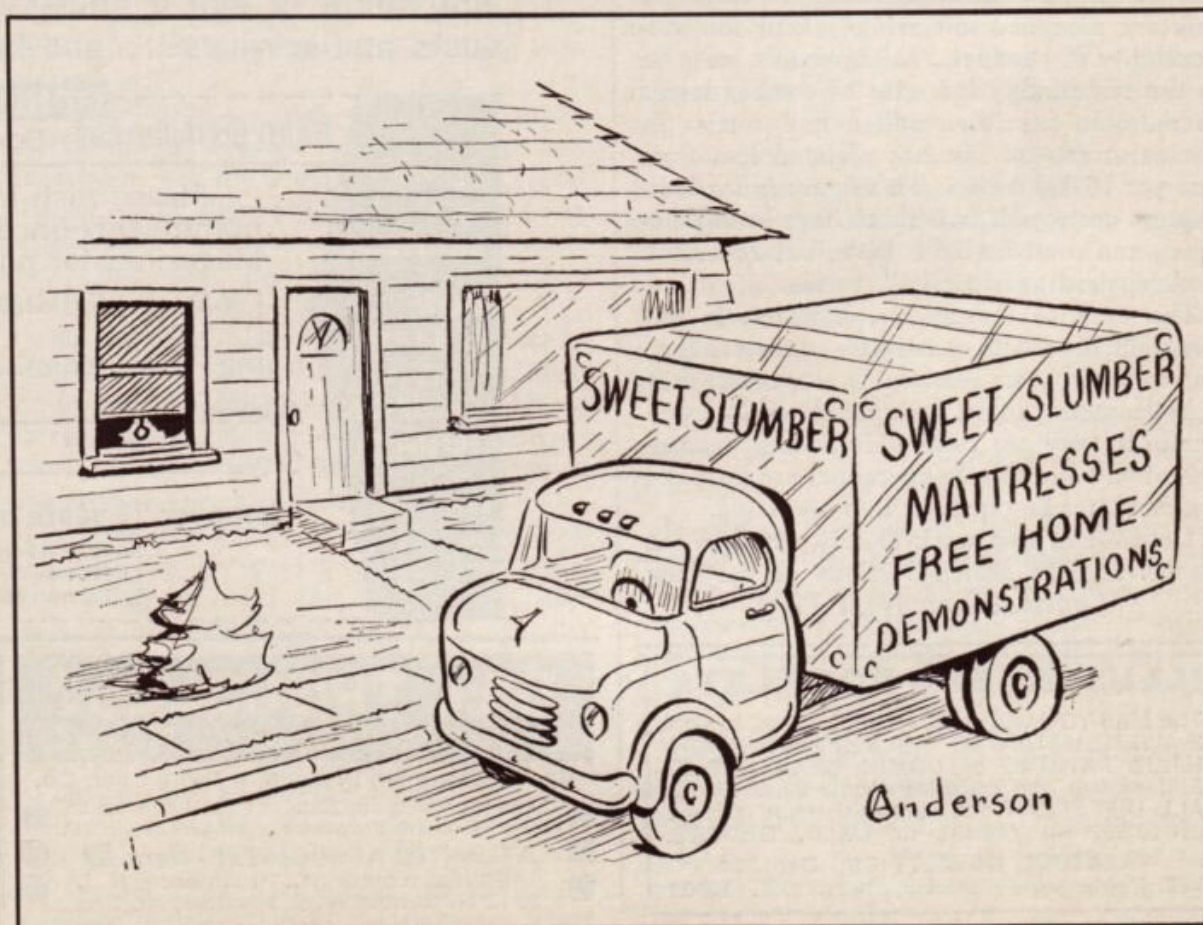
To drop all that steel on North Vietnam, American pilots have had to make an enormous number of sorties that each time brought them face to face with death. Yet, there are no recorded instances of a pilot losing his cool, bolting his eggs, and high-tailing it back to safety.

Should a pilot have to bail out over North Vietnam, his best bet is to get out over the sea before taking the plunge. For in the drink, he has a good chance of being spotted and rescued by U.S. planes and ships that are constantly combing the area. If he goes down on land, his prospects for rescue are not very good—although if he drops south of the Red River he stands a chance of being picked up by one of the "Jolly Green Giants" that operate rescue missions over the North. These are Sikorsky HH-3E choppers, each carrying a heroic crew of four, that actually penetrate into North Vietnam to rescue downed pilots. Hovering over treetops, the HH-3E lets down a 240-foot hoist which the U.S. airman ascends to safety. The entire operation is risky as hell, yet it goes on all the time.

Beyond the Red River, there is no way of rescuing a pilot who chutes down. He's just got to take his chances as a POW.

It now becomes clear what President Johnson meant when he said that the air war over Vietnam is the most difficult the U.S. has ever undertaken.

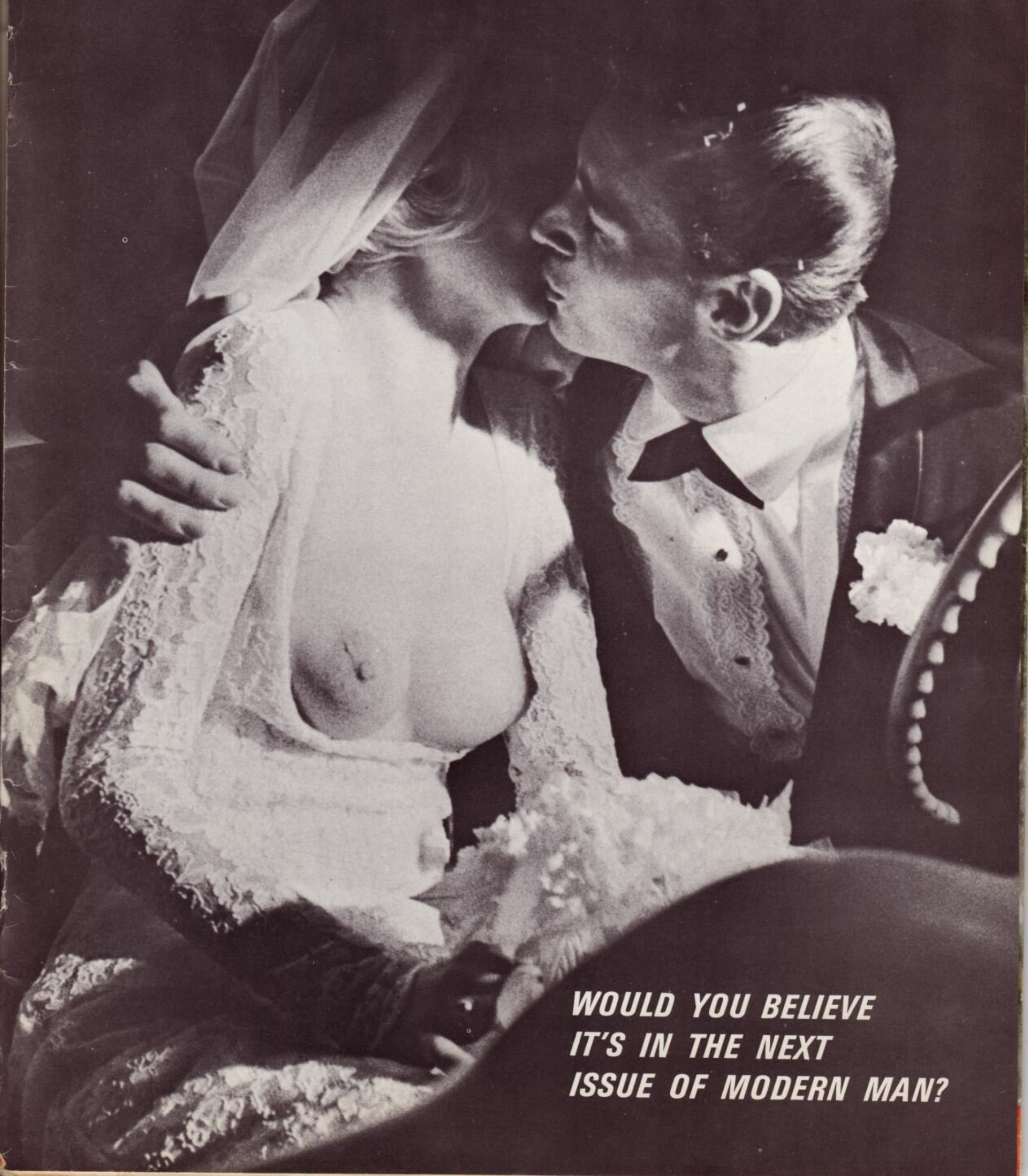
The successes achieved by U.S. airmen, in the face of restrictive and terrain conditions that would seem to render an air war impossible, let alone difficult, are a tribute to the courage and know-how of the fly boys, for whom SNAFU has become a way of life—and death.



Anderson



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**The SNAFU AIR WAR in VIETNAM**





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